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MAXIM

JULY 2004

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KIM SMITH FROM...**

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**...AND WE'VE GOT THE
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out of yourself? Check out **p.130**

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DEATH STAR!**

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out, France!

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Meadow—HBO
unveils our new
obsession **p.138**

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of cherries ever!



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MAXIM

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**COVER GIRL
KIM SMITH**

The *Catwoman* actress opens up about her life as a superhero, sexy Bond girls, and—most importantly—what it means to be a three-peat *Maxim* cover model.



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116 THINGS TO DO THIS SUMMER

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130 THE ACCIDENTAL TERRORIST

The FBI was shocked to find a shitload of weapons and explosives in a storage locker. But did they arrest the right guy?

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138 ARIELLE KEBBEL

HBO canceled its sexiest show (*Oz*) but gave us this star of its new series.



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**MONUMENTS
AMERICA'S
SEVEN
WONDERS**

How will future earthlings know the U.S. once ruled the planet? By these man-made marvels left behind. (The eighth is Kim Smith's underwear drawer, FYI.)

**SPECIAL
JULY 4TH
FEATURE**


NIKE PRO

COOL

UNDER

FIRE

MICHAEL VICK STAYS COOL IN NIKE PRO

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**MAXIM
WORLDWIDE
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PHOENIX**

Look, at the end of the day, if any woman this hot wants to talk about girl-on-girl action, stripping, and biting our heinies, we're gonna listen. We just are.

Regu



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24 THE NEW NAVY MEGASHIP

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50 BRUSH WITH GREATNESS

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52 ASK DR. MAXIM'S SISTER

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68 THE WAR WIZARDS

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74 TONIGHT AT 6 AND 10

Will Ferrell, Metallica, and a Fatty. Life is good!

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168 CRAZY GIRLS DO

Learn about sex with nutso girls, then caress the chair of vacationing executive editor James Heidenry.



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**MAXIM FASHION
SUMMER
STEALS**

Ideal swimsuits for belly-flops, plus cool summer accessories to help change that "ragged T-shirt and baseball cap" look.



"Gee, I left my wallet in my big bag of wallets..."

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Happy 228th, America!

▼ Pack well the snow-balls of our soldiers, Lord



Eleven score and eight years ago today our forefathers conceived a brand-new nation, dedicated to spilling tea, evading taxes, and otherwise giving the Brits a swift kick in the crumpets. Let us pause a moment here to honor July 4th by retelling the tale of those brave silversmiths and pot farmers who took up arms to liberate our nation so long ago. If we remember our schoolin' right, it went something like this...

Back in 1776, America was a ragtag collection of British colonies sending furs, tobacco, and bad TV sitcoms back to Merry Olde England in exchange for cricket balls and various gimcrack and whatnot. King George III was mad as a hatter, so the Yanks seized their chance and fired on the redcoats at Fort Knox. Ye Olde Revolution was in fulle swinge!

The playas? Washington got to lead the army because he was on the quarter. Jefferson, whose noble visage graced only the pathetic nickel, had to write the term paper—the Declaration of Independence. Betsy Ross sewed boxer shorts, Sammy Adams made snacks and brewed road pops for the troops, Paul Revere taught his horse to light lanterns in a church or something, and Ben Franklin, long renowned as the nerdiest patriot, took his creepy kite-flying inventor ass overseas to seek military

help from—no sniggering, please—France.

Together these noble paragons of freedom left their slaves at home to watch the farm, hoisted up their muskets and their balls, and marched. They crushed the Brits at Wellington and Concord, and later at Waterloo. Then came the Roaring Twenties, World War II, the *Trading Spaces* Mother's Day Marathon, and so forth. A nation was born!

And that's the way it was: July 4, 1776. Happy birthday, America... Now let's get out there and accidentally blow some fingers off!

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to chop down a cherry tree and toss it across the Potomac.

Keith Blanchard



This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Packs of gum resembling batteries we received in the mail	2
AAAs we bit before realizing there were only two	4
Taxis that exploded outside <i>Maxim's</i> office one fateful night	1
Number of drunk staffers that can be hypnotized by one burning taxi	12
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Ratio of polyps to hamster jokes he's endured	1:100
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Runs by which we hammered <i>Stuff</i> magazine in a softball game	24
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ON THE COVER:
KIM SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Naomi Kaltman
STYLING BY
Anastasia Koutisoulis
HAIR BY
Matthew Williams for
The Agency
MAKEUP BY
Nick Barose for Aartists Loft
SET DESIGN BY
Shawn Patrick Anderson
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Scoop NY; pink cherry ruffled
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Associate Art Directors **Matthew Cokeley**, **Damian Wilkinson**
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Research Chief **Andrew Gillings**
Production Editor **Andrij Witiuk**
Copy Editor **Cheryl Maday**



CONTRIBUTORS

Copy **Jeff Tomko**
Research **Shauna DeGeorge**, **Joseph McGovern**, **Kisha Munroe**, **Carolyn Stein**
Digital Enhancement **Gene Bresler**
Photo **Sue Laguna**, **Elizabeth Bruneau**
Interns **Kaitlin Bettick**, **Michael Donahoe**, **Jane Dryer**, **Will Phung**



WEST COAST OFFICE

West Coast Editor **Claudia Nicolayevsky**
Assistant to the West Coast Editor **Brooke Wilson** Tel 310-859-4800 Fax 310-859-4767



ADVERTISING

Group Publisher **Robert F. Gregory**
Associate Publisher **Mark A. Oltarsh**
Advertising Director **David Wade**
Fashion Director **Elizabeth Rifas**
Spirits and Consumer Electronics Manager **Daniel McIntyre**
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Account Manager **Joey Jacobson**
Advertising Services Manager **Stefanie Schare**
Advertising Sales Assistant **David Bossbaly**
Advertising Coordinator **Chantal Arroyo**
Midwest Director **Kate Dixon** 312-440-6901
Midwest Manager **Sara Lipton** 312-440-3301
Southwest Manager **Deann Harvey** 312-440-6908
Western Director **Molly Ballantine** 310-859-4800
Northwest Director **Catherine Hurley** 510-832-6672
Detroit Manager **Tim Baldwin** 248-723-1302
Atlanta Manager **Jason Albaum** 404-892-7783
Canadian Director **Martin Tully** 416-964-3247
Corporate Inside Sales Manager **Jessica Bunucci** 212-302-2626



MARKETING AND PROMOTIONS

Executive Creative Services Director **Amy Newman Kaplan**
Marketing Director **Mike Yeon**
Special Events Producer **Dan Parente**
Creative Services Manager **Mary Ferrara**
Research Director **Sam Belil**
Senior Designer **Jon Stern**
Associate Creative Services Manager **Josh Richman**
Marketing Assistant **Sarah Williams**
Online Marketing Director **Pam Sturchio-Quandt**
Public Relations **Four Corners Communications** 212-849-8250
Public Relations **Bragman, Nyman, Cafarelli** 310-274-7800
Newsstand Distributors **The Curtis Circulation Company**



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Executive Assistant to the President **Jane Buchanan**
Executive Assistant to Andy Clerkson **Lisette Archondo**

MAXIM WORLDWIDE

International Licensing Director
Kerin O'Connor
011-44 (0) 20-7907-6136
International Manager
Tracy Erb
011-44 (0) 20-7907-6138

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

France **Philippe Bourbeillon**
and **François de Guillebon**
011-33 (0) 1-41-34-96-50
Germany **Uwe Killing**
011-49 (0) 30-259-17-49-00
Holland **Mike Kepel**
011-31 (0) 205-84-90-50
Belgium **Thierry Sarayn** and
Paul Keyers
011-32 (0) 9369-3173
Czech Republic **Pavel Vondracek**
011-42-0233-023-888
Italy **Andrea Monti**
011-39-02-89-078-811
Poland **Tomasz Cichon**
011-48-22-44-88-371
Portugal **Domingos Amaral**
011-351-21-434-9121
Russia and Ukraine
Sasha Malenkov
011-7-095-933-2189
Spain **Cecilia Muzquiz**
011-34-91-456-2770
Latin America **Pablo Jacobsen**
305-871-6400 x115
South Korea **Duncan Park**
011-82-2-3424-2745
U.K. **Greg Gutfield**
011-44 (0) 20-7907-6429
U.S.A. **Keith Blanchard**
212-302-2626

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISING

IGA International Commercial
Director **Louis Orlanges**
011-33-1-41-34-83-18
IGA Italy Sales Directors
Giorgio Grassi
Robert Shoenmaker
011-39-02-62-694-441



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YOU TALKIN' TO US?

We pledge allegiance to our devoted readers who graciously send us their drunken rants each month. What? You haven't been preserved in the pages of *Maxim*? What are you waiting for? Send all missives to the address to the right.

IT PAYS TO WRITE!

If we printed your letter this month, we're sending you an mwear hoodie and tee with The Fat Dog. To play, e-mail editors@maximmag.com or write *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Fl., NY, NY 10018.



Scream Queen

Josie Maran ["Creatures of the Night," May] has one of the sexiest bodies I've ever seen! Why haven't I seen more of her? Oh, David Blaine's kept her hidden. Well, if she's looking for a new man to work his magic, I've got a starter kit!

Danny McMeel
Atlanta, GA

That's thoughtful, Danny, but nobody buys your "hide the salami" trick anymore.

"Need a helping handful?"

Boozy Call

Thanks for your article on "updating" ["Fake Your Way Up," Says Her, May]. I could definitely use ways to pretend I'm what a girl needs. And here I thought getting attractive women drunk was the only way to get them to talk to me.

Anthony Bongiorno
Staten Island, NY

How many times have we told you? Stop writing us at work, Dad!

Smashing Record

My friend and I are going to break a world record. The two of us are going to drink a keg in less than 56 hours, 22 minutes, and 18 seconds. We work at a strip club, so we're going to make this a huge blowout. If you need to corrupt an intern or a reporter, send 'em our way.

P. McMahon
Via e-mail

Strippers plus gallons of beer, followed by an inevitable trip to the ER? Sorry, that ain't a world record—that's Wednesday.

Polish Potable

In the May issue, you guys rated Polish vodkas ["Polish Whiskey!," Circus Maximus], and although I thank you for the wonderful recognition of the country's finest, you forgot one: Zubrówka. Once illegal in the U.S. because the ATF was scared of a little piece of bison grass that gives the vodka its aroma, it's by far the best vodka ever made. May I recommend a road trip? I'll supply the booze—shots for everyone!

Sylvia R.
Frederick, MD

Ingesting dangerous, non-government-approved foreign flora? That's wrong. Now if you'll excuse us. It's 4:20, and we just got a package from Vancouver... (P.S. We featured Zubrówka in Issue 21.)

FIGHT IDEAS

Soldier Makes Fortune

Real life in the field can be more exciting than video games. Kuma Reality Games is giving one soldier the chance to prove it. If you or a family member has served in the military, we want your stories from the front. The winning tale will become the plot of an action game from KumaWar, an online service that re-creates the real-life war on terror. If you win, you and three pals will be immortalized as characters in the game, appear on Kuma TV, score a digital video camera, and get a free lifetime subscription to Kuma. Send your future legend to Maximcontest@kumawar.com.

Sgt. Schultz
and Col. Klink



KUMA REALITY GAMES

King of Pap

Why do so many people hate Michael Jackson? He's a legend who brought the world outstanding dance moves. Be his supporter! Help him become number one again. He needs your prayers and kindness. Let's tell all the dream snatchers to beat it!

Donnie Peoples
Estancia, NM

You too, Tito.



YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

Alien Innovation

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READERS' LETTERS



Michael, Janet,
and LaToya 2015
benefit tour

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Ever think you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo above, of a few smokin'-hot Reservoir Hogs, and write in your best one-liner. If it beats ours, we'll send you this Oris XXL Pointer Day watch. We'll also print the winner and runners-up in an upcoming issue. So e-mail us at caption@maximag.com, or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 79 P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be roasted on a spit.



MARCH'S WINNING CAPTIONS

WINNER:

"Hey, man, let me float something by you..."
Billy Williams, Mason, OH

RUNNERS-UP:

The best part is, it cranks out 480 seahorsepower.
M. Moser, Garden City, KS

"That thing got a hemi?"
Chad Elliot, Springfield, MA

"Lay off the gas—I think you flooded it."
Anonymous, via e-mail

"Oh, sure, it runs great now, but it never starts in the dry season."
Lauren Collie, Dallas, TX

"Excuse me, sir, may I shit on your head?"
John Phillips, via e-mail

Golden Error

I don't know why, but for the last two years I've been receiving your magazine for free. I'm 74 and considered a dirty—yet harmless—old man. I've enjoyed every issue, from the articles to the beautiful ladies who grace your covers and inside pages. Fortunately, I can still remember the good old days when a woman could turn me on.

J. Baruch

Via e-mail

Glad to hear we're brightening your Cocoon years, J! Hopefully, when we reach your age, the courts will have decided to label us "harmless" as well.

Kobe or Not Kobe

What is wrong with our freaking judicial system, and why can't cops and investigators do their damn jobs properly? Every trial has some stupid fuckup that's done by some dumb-ass officer. Take the Kobe Bryant case in your May issue ["Kobe: The Untold Story"], for example: They don't have an arrest warrant, don't read him his rights, and then record him without his consent. How's this case still valid?

H. Naher

Via e-mail

Interesting point, but it's hardly our place to criticize the brave work done by our boys in blue. Wait, it is? We've got enough damn speeding tickets already.

15 Minutes of Shame

After reading your coverage of streakers running through a Denny's in Spokane, Washington ["Planet Maxim," May], I knew I'd heard that story before. After deliberating with my fiancée, we came to the conclusion that one of our good friends had been involved. Thanks for putting our podunk town on the map.

Chris Campbell

Spokane, WA

Don't thank us—thank your buddy's penchant for total humiliation. Like Colt 45, it works every time!

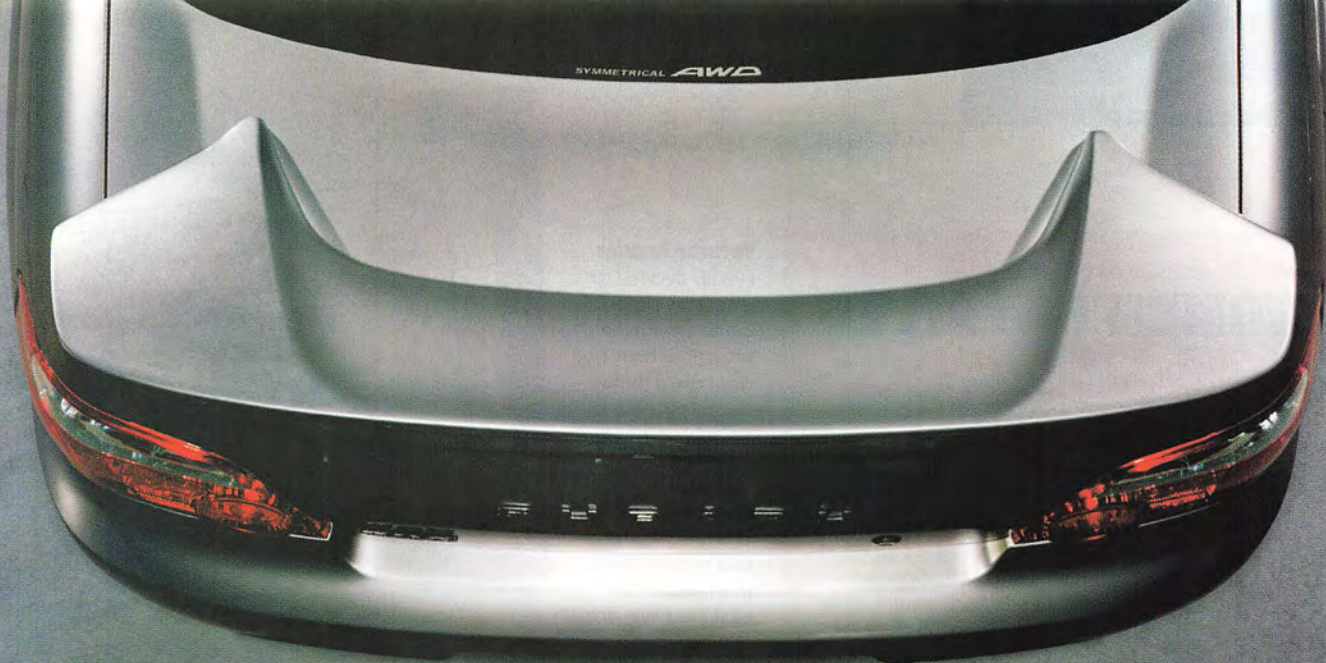
EBAY ABUSE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON

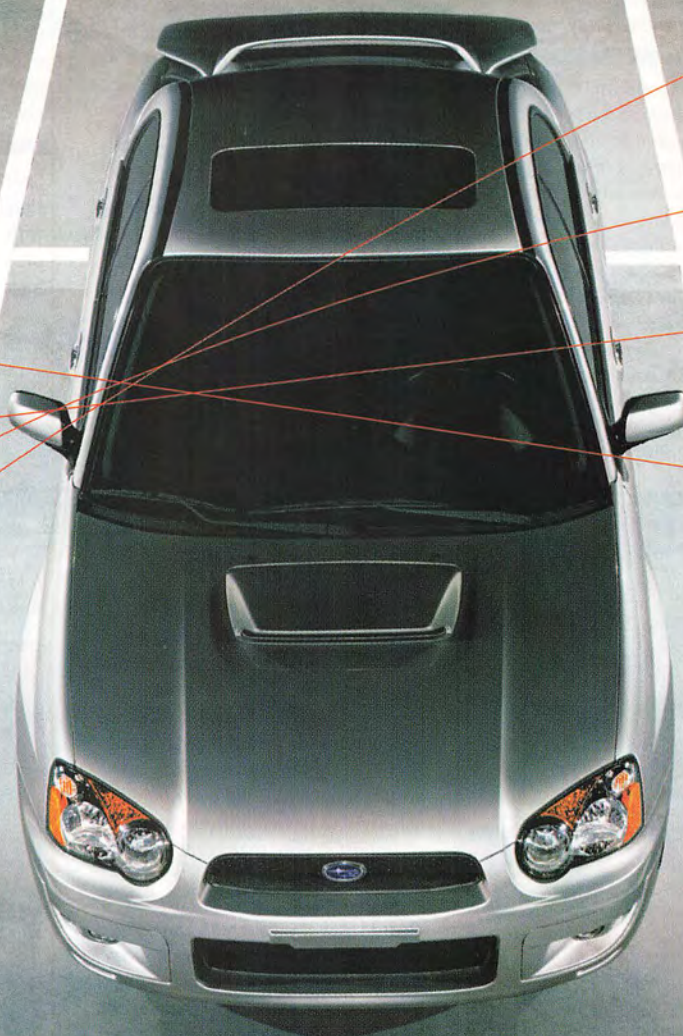
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SENT TO:
Tom Rittle
Alpharetta, GA





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0-60 mph comparisons based on testing by *Car and Driver*: Subaru WRX (10/01), Audi TT 1.8T Quattro (8/03), Nissan 350Z Touring (8/03), Porsche Boxster (8/03), BMW 330i w/performance package (9/03) and manufacturer's specs for the BMW Z4 2.5i. The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in backseat.

LETTERS FROM LADIES

WOMEN'S WRITES

We're not saying we only print letters from female fans that contain sexy pictures, but...



"My dad, the farmer? He ain't home..."

The Final Countdown

My boyfriend suggested I submit some pictures to *Maxim*. I've always loved the beautiful girls in your magazine, especially the pictures of the Hometown Hotties winners [March]. You did such a great job at building up anticipation that I couldn't wait to see the winner!

Ashlee Miller
Phoenix, AZ

Apparently, it paid off! Remember, patience is a virtue...as are those legs. Your boyfriend's a lucky man.

Single File

I can't seem to find a date. Since you guys are brutally honest, I figured I'd ask you why. I love football, drinking beer, cleaning, and screwing...but the guys I meet want to "cuddle by the fire" or "walk on the beach." Fuck that—let's go to a game or a concert. Why are men becoming dickless pansies? You all seem normal. So tell me: Where are men like you?

Bebe Jade
Via e-mail

Have you ever considered moving out of Canada?

Sniper? We Barely Know 'Er!

I'm a gunner in a Military Police unit in Iraq. Back home I'm an NYPD detective. I recently read an issue with letters from male servicemen overseas,

and I thought I'd send you one from a female fan! If you ever do an issue on makeovers, don't forget about me and my troop. Lord knows a year in the desert doesn't exactly make a person feel sexy.

Tara Dawe
Iraq

Don't worry about that makeover, soldier—there's nothing sexier than a woman who can take out an enemy at 500 yards.



"Hey, sugar, the bigger the better."

WIN \$100

We want pictures, and we're willing to pay. What did you do over summer vacation, girls? Send pictures from your warm-weather adventures (keep 'em clean—we're a family magazine) to Letters From Ladies, *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. If we print yours, we'll give you a crisp \$100 bill!

MAXIM MAGAZINE



Veteran Reader

I finally decided to empty my closet, but as a longtime subscriber, there's no way I could throw out my old issues! Since I was in the Vietnam War, I figured veterans would enjoy them. Whenever I can, I take my old issues to a nearby hospital. I've never actually seen the faces of the men and women who get them, but I'm sure they keep them smiling.

James Fetterman
Massapequa Park, NY

Thanks for doing your part, James. *Maxim* salutes you and all the others who have kicked ass for Uncle Sam, freedom, and the right to slap a bunch of sexy pictures and a few fart jokes together and call it a reputable magazine.

Fan Male

Hello! Your article on *Arrested Development* ("Maxim Gets Arrested," May) was hilarious! Great job! Hopefully, we'll be around a second season... Please, Gail Berman [Fox president], please! Thanks again. And God bless!

Tony Hale
(a.k.a. "Buster")
New York, NY

What a coincidence! We were just looking for an opportunity to show your picture and plug the show. Hey, America—watch this show or we'll kill you with our teeth. Later!



"I'm Tony. Watch my damn show."

Cheaters Win

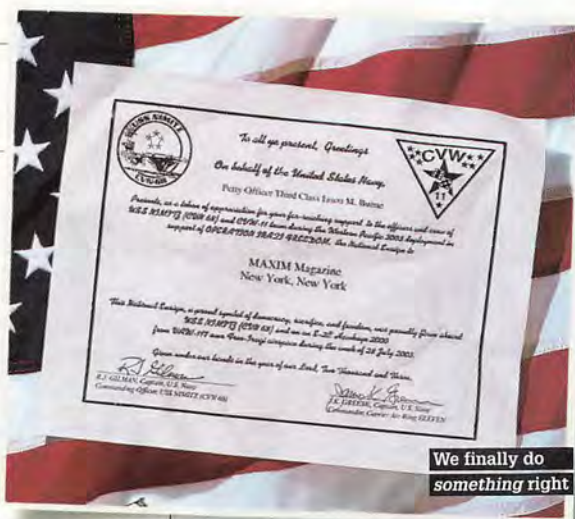
I read with great disappointment that Dale Earnhardt Jr. tries to cheat when he races [We Want Answers!, May]. He's desecrating the proud legacy left by his father and taking away from the credibility of NASCAR. You should be ashamed to have featured someone so dishonest in your magazine.

M. Stevens
Denver, CO

Dear M (if that is your real name): Are you insane? What he said was every driver tries to get an edge without violating the letter of the law. You know, like you and those antisodomy statutes.

Direct Affection

Hi, I would like to meet you and help you work on the roof and around the house. I'm six feet, I have black hair, I'm



We finally do something right

Men of Honor

"The U.S. Navy and Petty Officer Jason M. Buene present, as a token of appreciation for your far-reaching support to the officers and crew of the USS *Nimitz* and CVW-11 team during the Western Pacific deployment in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom, this National Ensign to *Maxim* magazine. This flag was flown on an E-2C Hawkeye over Free-Iraqi airspace."

Spanish and half-Italian, and I have a slim build. I love to take a long walk with a cute girl like you and say wonderful things to you so that you could have a nice time with me. And look at

those cute eyes that you have and tell you more. So please e-mail me and we could talk some more.

J. Fleet
Via e-mail

Um...our roof is pretty well taken care of, but associate editor Steve Kandell blushed when we

told him what you said about his eyes. Feel free to call him, freak. M



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WORLD'S FUNNIEST JOKES!

THE \$150 JOKE

War Stories

A teacher instructs her fifth-grade class to ask their parents to tell them a story with a moral at the end.

The next day the kids come in and share their stories. "My daddy told me about my uncle Dave," says one boy. "He was a pilot in Vietnam and had to bail out over enemy territory with nothing but a flask of whiskey, a pistol, and a knife. He drank the whiskey during the drop, then landed in the middle of 20 Charlies. He shot 15, stabbed three, and killed the last two with his bare hands."

"What is the moral of that horrible story?" yelps the mortified teacher.

"Stay away from Uncle Dave when he's drinking."

—Greg Hite, Goshen, IN



Got a gut-buster that can top these? We'll pay \$150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.

Moody Lighting

Q: How many women with PMS does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A: One. *One!* And you know why? Because no one else in this house knows *how* to change a light bulb. They'd sit in the dark for *weeks* before figuring it out, and then they wouldn't even be able to find the damn light bulbs despite the fact that they've been kept in the same fucking cupboard for the past 17 years! I'm sorry...what was the question?

—Ella P. Hersh, Portland, OR

Bloody Awful Joke

Q: What do a washed-up boxer and Dracula's girlfriend have in common?

A: They both go down for the count.

—Brian Janiszkeski, via e-mail

Long Strokes

A man playing golf by himself hits a hole in one on the fifth hole, and out pops a genie to offer him one wish.

"That's easy," he says. "I wish I had a bigger dick."

"It will be so," says the genie, who then disappears.

The guy's johnson grows longer as he continues playing, until by the 11th hole it's hanging out of his pants leg. He gets another hole in one, and again the genie appears to offer him a wish.

"I keep tripping over my dick, and it's really annoying," says the man.

"So what is your wish, master?" asks the genie.

"I want longer legs."

—Gabi Bertin, Boulder, CO

Q: What do you call a nun's panties?
A: A crack habit.



Tears of a Clown

A kindergarten teacher asks her class, "What vegetable makes eyes water?"

One boy raises his hand and says, "An eggplant."

"No," says the teacher. "An onion."

"An onion?" asks the boy. "Ever been hit in the balls with an eggplant?"

—A. J. Smargon, Coconut Creek, FL

Dumb Luck

A broke blonde decides to ask God for help. "Dear Lord," she prays, "if I don't get some cash, I'm gonna lose everything. Please let me win the lottery."

Lottery night comes, but the blonde doesn't win. She prays even harder, saying, "God, why have you forsaken me? My children are starving. Please just let me win this once."

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light, and the blonde hears God speak.

"Sweetheart, work with me on this," he says. "Buy a ticket."

—Rudy, New Castle, DE

Naiveté Scene

A businessman from New York is driving through Mississippi on his way home for Christmas. He stops at a local store and notices the three wise men out front are dressed like firefighters. While inside, the man asks the clerk about it.

"You city folk think you know everything," says the clerk as he reaches for his Bible. "But it says right here that the three wise men came from *afar*."

—Jeremy Moore, Saint Marys, WV

On the Lamb

Q: Did you hear about the Scottish farmer who thought he'd caught a nasty STD?

A: Turns out he was just allergic to wool.

—Patrick Fink, Huntsville, AL



Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.

ROCK BOTTOM

NICK AND CHARLIE'S JOKEBOOK

Two rowdy newlyweds ponder the hazards of matrimony.





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CIRCUS M



Movable crane

This high-tech device picks stuff up—and then puts it down!



Victuals

Each day Cookie and T-Bone serve 18,150 meals to 6,000 sailors, and water distillation plants make 400,000 gallons of fetid ocean water drinkable.



Playing defense

Two Rolling Airframe Missile (RAM) launchers shred anything that sails, flies, or sneaks around like a pussy with bombs strapped to it.

Propulsion

All four propellers are 21 feet across, weigh 66,200 pounds, and are made of solid bronze. Each of the two rudders weighs 50 tons. Together they move the ship at 30-plus knots/hour.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK TURNER

AXIMUS

> THE BIG PICTURE

NAVY STEEL

The USS *Ronald Reagan* is America's newest aircraft carrier: a \$4.5 billion floating city that's kicking evil's ass for us and the Gipper.



Bogey huntin'

The ship packs two RIM-7 Sea Sparrow missile launchers that fire Mach 3.5 death at enemy planes or missiles up to 50 miles away.



Aircraft elevators

The four lifts, more than 4,000 ft² apiece, can each spit 28-ton planes onto the deck as fast as they take off. The ship holds up to 80 planes in its gut.



Infrastructure

The *Reagan* contains 47,000 tons—that's 94,000,000 pounds—of steel, almost 30,000 light fixtures, and 1,325 miles of cable and wiring. Don't trip!



Jet fuel pumps

A massive pumping system distributes all the stored fuel—up to four million gallons—evenly around the ship so it doesn't tip over like a pool toy.



Nuclear reactors

Two power plants supply the *Reagan's* electricity. Engineers may develop an extra toe or two, but the ship can sail for 20 years before refueling.



Arresting cables

They clothesline fighter jets hurtling across the deck at 150 mph and bring them to a dead stop within 400 feet. Neck bothering you, Maverick?



Nancy Reagan

The former first lady christened the carrier. It's a Pisces!

New design

A bulbous bow gives the ship added buoyancy, lifting the flight deck to improve F-18 takeoffs. The requisite on-board bowling alleys are unaffected, however.

Scion tC by Simon, Narcissist



tC pricing starts at \$16,465* well equipped, including Panorama Moonroof, A/C, Pioneer AM/FM/CD system, power windows, door locks, mirrors, and 17" alloy wheels. *MSRP will include delivery, processing, and handling fee. Excludes taxes, title, license, and optional equipment. Actual dealer price may vary. © 2004. Scion and the Scion logo are trademarks of Toyota Motor Corporation and Toyota is a registered trademark of Toyota Motor Corporation. For more information, call 866-70-SCION (866-707-2466) or visit scion.com.

New 2005 Scion tC

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scion.com



what moves you



> FUN FACT!

A recent poll found David Beckham the biggest hero of British kids. George W. and Jesus H. tied for 123rd.

> HIGH TECH

SMOKE MACHINE

Make your crippling drug habit appear less tawdry with this state-of-the-art superbong.

Technically speaking, the Vapir is a digital vaporizer designed to deliver the sweet, life-affirming buzz of nicotine without the lung-rotting carcinogens of tobacco smoke. But that doesn't explain why the gizmo is stocked throughout hemp-happy Holland. "This is the purest, quickest way to extract active elements from plants," says Shaahin Cheyene, founder and CEO of Advanced Inhalation Revolutions, creator of the Vapir. Cheyene is quick to add, however, that use of this product in conjunction with illegal substances is—cough!—not condoned by the company. Right, and the "water pipe" in Dad's closet brings out that smooth fiberglass taste of his generic cigarettes. The battery-powered Vapir, which starts at \$200, simply heats your plant of choice for about half an hour. The hot air draws the essential ingredients into a smokeless, colorless vapor, which you can inhale through a mask that makes you look like Dennis Hopper in *Blue Velvet*. There's virtually

no smell, so your parole officer won't notice. Plus, since nothing's burned, you can then sell the still-intact but THC-deprived skunk weed outside a Phish concert for a tidy profit...although that would be wrong. Make all your pipe dreams come true at vapir.com.



STEP ONE: Load glaucoma medicine.



STEP TWO: Suck on the crazy straw!

"¡Dios mio! Don Johnson, save me from this gig!"



HOW TO

NOT ACT TOTALLY HIGH AT WORK

If Da Man is harshing your mellow with his wack-ass "laws" and "threats of imprisonment," use these tips to hide the fact that you're doped silly.



1. BLOODSHOT EYES

Quickly squirting drops into your peepers? It's already too late. Instead, shell out for quality ganj, and don't bogart the roach. "One hit of good stuff won't give you red eyes," says John Mailer, executive editor of *High Times*. Tight!



2. SPACING OUT

If you're baked speechless when the boss pops by, maintain eye contact, give short answers, and repeat instructions. "Meeting at three—got it." He'll think you're paying attention... and you *may* remember the meeting later on.



3. CLUMSINESS

Research has shown that potheads are like monkeys: The more they perform a task—walking, clapping, fecal hurling—the better they get. So call Mary Jane and practice fetching the boss' dry cleaning as often as possible!



THEY BRING YOU THE NEWS
SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET IT YOURSELF



WILL FERRELL
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THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY

DREAMWORKS PICTURES PRESENTS AN APATOW PRODUCTION WILL FERRELL "ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY" CHRISTINA APPLEGATE PAUL RUDD STEVE CARELL DAVID KOECHNER AND FRED WILLARD
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PRODUCED BY JUDG APATOW
WRITTEN BY WILL FERRELL & ADAM MCKAY
DIRECTED BY ADAM MCKAY
COSTUME DESIGNER CLAYTON R. HARTLEY
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CIRCUS MAXIMUS



South Korea: The parliament's free candy dish experiment proved disastrous.

> BEHAVIORAL STUDIES

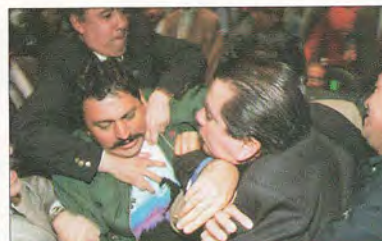
POLITICAL ANIMALS

Not all politicians are as boring as they are in America. Check out these foreign officials filibustin' heads!



> FUN FACT!

Louisiana's had the highest gonorrhea rate in the U.S. for two years running. Just seven months till Mardi Gras!



Mexico: It's the first rule of politics: When chalupa exports are down, tempers run high.



Taiwan: Defense Committee members participate in their very own war games.



Russia: The devil made the attacker (a former priest) do it. Or was it the vodka?

> DEATH ROW RECORDS

THE LORD'S NAME IN PAIN

Guess which pious quotes are last words from executed Texas prisoners and which are inspiration from laugh-a-minute evangelist Billy Graham.



"And Jesus said: 'Read Maxim!'"

vs.



"Hey, I can't see. Hit the switch."

1. BE STRONG. DO NOT HATE, BUT LEARN FROM THIS EXPERIENCE. JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS, DO NOT THINK THAT GOD DOESN'T CARE. HE WILL BE WITH YOU. I WILL BE THERE WITH ALL OF YOU. I LOVE YOU ALL AND APPRECIATE ALL OF YOU. YOU WON'T BE FORGOTTEN, AND THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE OUT THERE THAT LOVE YOU.
2. YOU CAN ONLY KILL THE BODY, YOU CANNOT KILL THE SOUL. YOU WILL LIVE FOREVER WHETHER OR NOT YOU LIKE IT.
3. IN THE NAME OF JESUS, I'M SO SORRY FOR THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED Y'ALL.
4. A LOT OF PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS ASKED IF THERE IS A HEAVEN, AND I SAY THERE IS. THERE IS A HEAVEN AND A HELL. THEY ASK, "WHO GOES TO HEAVEN?" I BELIEVE THAT IT IS THOSE WHO HAVE PLACED THEIR FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.
5. I EXPECT TO BE LIVING WITH GOD A THOUSAND YEARS FROM TODAY. ONE MILLION YEARS FROM NOW, I EXPECT TO BE MORE ALIVE THAN I AM TODAY.
6. WE ARE A VIOLENT SOCIETY. WE ARE A WICKED SOCIETY. WE ARE A SOCIETY THAT WILL BE UNDER THE JUDGMENT OF GOD UNLESS WE REPENT OF OUR SINS AND TURN TO HIM.

ANSWERS: 1. Prisoner Ron Shamblinger 2. Billy Graham 3. Prisoner Kevin Zimmerman 4. Prisoner Robert Lookingbill 5. Billy Graham 6. Billy Graham

"This is the worst
merry-go-round ever!"



> ALL-PROS

SUPER FREQ

America's
hottest radio DJ
puts the *broad*
in *broadcast*.

Name: Megan Love

Experience: Having always dreamed of working the airwaves, this Lambuth University undergrad didn't hesitate when her big break came a year ago...

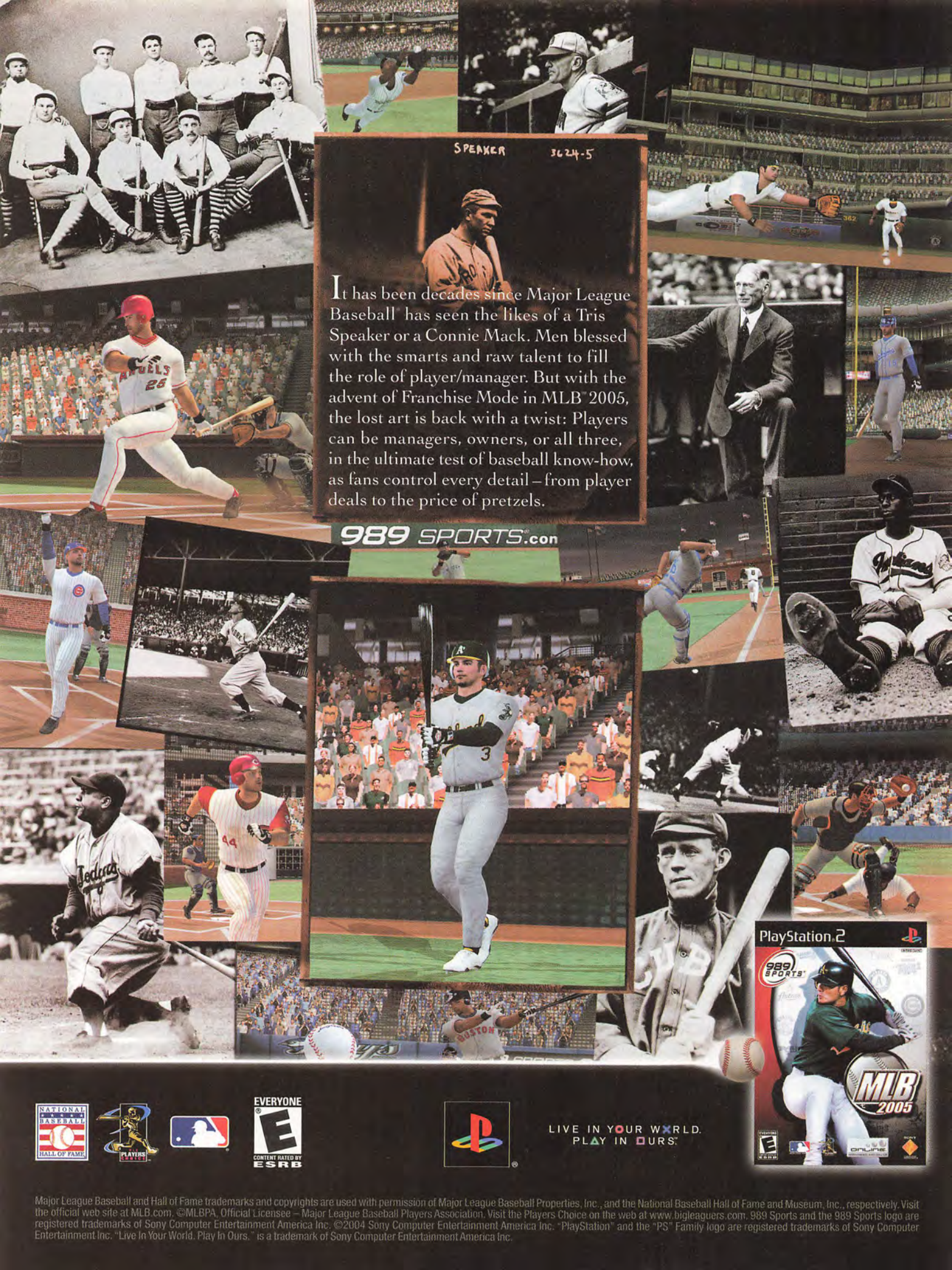
at a car wash. "I was doing a promotion for a racecar company, and the station was doing a remote from there," Megan explains. "They asked if I wanted to try out for their midday slot." She blew everybody away with her oral talents, and now the Philly-born filly is in Jackson, Tennessee, honoring endless "Free Bird" requests. "I'm young and I want to have fun, but in the gospel belt you gotta be careful not to offend

people." See how careful she's being? **Career goals:** At the tender age of 21, Megan has already found a role model in her chosen profession. "I want to host a show like Howard Stern's," she says. "But I don't think I'd have naked lesbians on every night." We can accept that—they don't *always* have to be lesbians.



Subscribers see more sizzling photos for free in the *Maxim* Lounge at maximonline.com.





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In addition to being a lousy driver, he was a real horse's ass

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?

Can you separate the real reason this Smarty Jones is headed to the glue factory from the horseshit we made up?



1 Saddle sore: A New York man driving home late at night passed a carriage and saw his wife horsing around with another man. He promptly turned his car around and rammed them. Everyone survived except the pony...and the marriage.

2 Shot to hell: A circus performing near London featured Checkers the Flying Horse, whom trainers shot out of a cannon and into a net nightly. But the cannon misfired, launching Checkers out of the big top and onto a nearby road.

3 Zero horsepower: The naughty equine escaped its pasture and began wandering down a highway in Hausen, Germany. Spooked by all the traffic, the crazy horse blitzkrieged an oncoming car. The driver was unhurt but was treated for shock; the horse bit it.

Answer: 3

HIGHER LEARNING

BIMBO CLASS OF 2004

At this classy school, D's are more precious than A's... *D cups*, that is.



Will somebody please get that dumbbell a dumbbell?

The typical Italian girl needs a lot more than a winning smile and a bottomless vat of Nair to become a successful show girl. She also needs a bogus diploma! That's why First Tel School—commonly known as Scuola per Veline, or "Bimbo School"—offers courses that prepare eager beavers for lip-synching, catwalk strutting, and, if they're *truly* gifted, turning game show letters while topless. About 1,200 starry-eyed soon-to-be coke fiends applied to be in the inaugural class—including

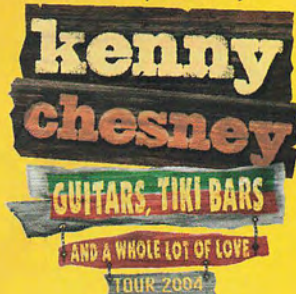
several presumably confused, certainly perfumed men—but fewer than 100 were accepted. The elite students were even paid the equivalent of \$2.50 an hour, which is *molto lire* in a region where half of all young adults are unemployed. Where'd all the cash come from? The financially savvy European Union ponied up a million Euros to fund the school, which is run by a "freelance production company" and was cofounded by a wacky former radio DJ. It's just like Princeton—but in Italy!

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He's handi-
capable!

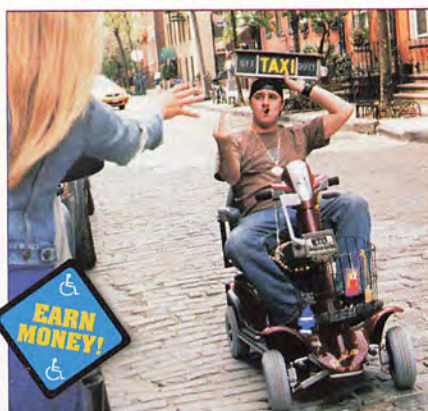
> ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORTATION

NEVER WALK AGAIN!

For years motorized scooters have provided the elderly, infirm, and obese with Medicare-funded mobility. But what about the hopelessly lazy? We took a cherry Rascal 600 for a spin and discovered what Larry Flynt's known for years: You don't need legs if you've got good wheels.


STAY FIT!

▲ **EXERCISING:** Maintain that "no pain, no gain" attitude without having to sweat your balls off like all those lonely-heart health freaks running themselves ragged.


EARN MONEY!

▲ **LIVERY:** Sucker tourists or pick up hot runaways who don't pay for things in cash.


GET DRUNK!

▲ **JOYRIDING:** When your top speed is 5 mph, cops can only pick up your empties!


MAKE PALS!

▲ **CHILLING:** Share your hog with fellow motorheads and their busted old ladies.


GET AROUND!

▲ **COMMUTING:** Sardined workaholics'll roll their eyes, but screw those go-getters.


MEET GIRLS!

▲ **PARTYING:** You don't dance, so skip straight to Ecstasy-fueled bathroom sex!

LET'S TAKE OUT MORE THAN JUST
OUR LICENSE AND REGISTRATION.
Let's keep tasty, round, glazed, jelly-filled,
chocolate-covered friend-makers on hand.
Let's keep them on the front seat. Let's make
sure they're hot. Let's have at least a dozen
ways to get out of trouble. LET'S MOTOR."



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WITH THE PURCHASE OF A DOZEN DOUGHNUTS

Of course this coupon is legit. We don't kid
around about doughnuts at MINI. Just present this
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Planet. MaXim

We print the stories other publications are too responsible to report.



"OK, how 'bout I call the LAPD, tough guy?"



UNITED STATES

POLITICIAN ACTS OUT GOVERNING METAPHOR

To honor the first-ever U.S. visit of Shaolin monks from Song Shan, China, a California state representative repeatedly kicked one in the crotch. The monks, who endured the attack to demonstrate their iron wills and steel balls, also showed off their acrobatic skills, fighting techniques, and prison jumpsuits.



CHINA

MAN MURDERS SMART-ASS PET

A man who'd spent eight fruitless months trying to teach his pet parrot to say hello and goodbye finally lost his temper and began shouting insults at the animal—which began shrieking them right back. The disgruntled owner then sensibly killed the bird.

食屎
BITCH!



CANADA

KILLER PORKS VICTIMS

A man suspected of killing 60 prostitutes on his British Columbia farm may have mixed human remains with the raw hog he gave away to neighbors. Authorities think the other other white meat was stored with the pork.



BRAZIL

DRINKING ON THE JOB PAYS OFF

A former master brewer won a \$2 million settlement from his employer after claiming his former job turned him into an alcoholic. The man said he drank about two gallons of beer a day for 20 years in order to perform "quality control."



SOUTH AFRICA

FERAL FAMILY FOUND ON FARM

A laborer's four children were thought to have been isolated from other people for so long that, variously, they were unable to speak, slept only outdoors, and hopped like frogs. The father seemed to think they'd been cursed by the ghosts of his ancestors.



LA-LA LAND

THE HOLLYWOOD RAT

We humiliate celebs—for you!

LOVE FUN!

BODIES OF EVIDENCE

"Experts" determine details about famous couples based on their body language. So why can't we?



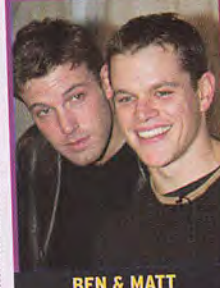
DEMI & ASHTON

1. Demi seems angry at her boy toy. She's probably saying, "I finally watched *That '70s Show*. It's over."



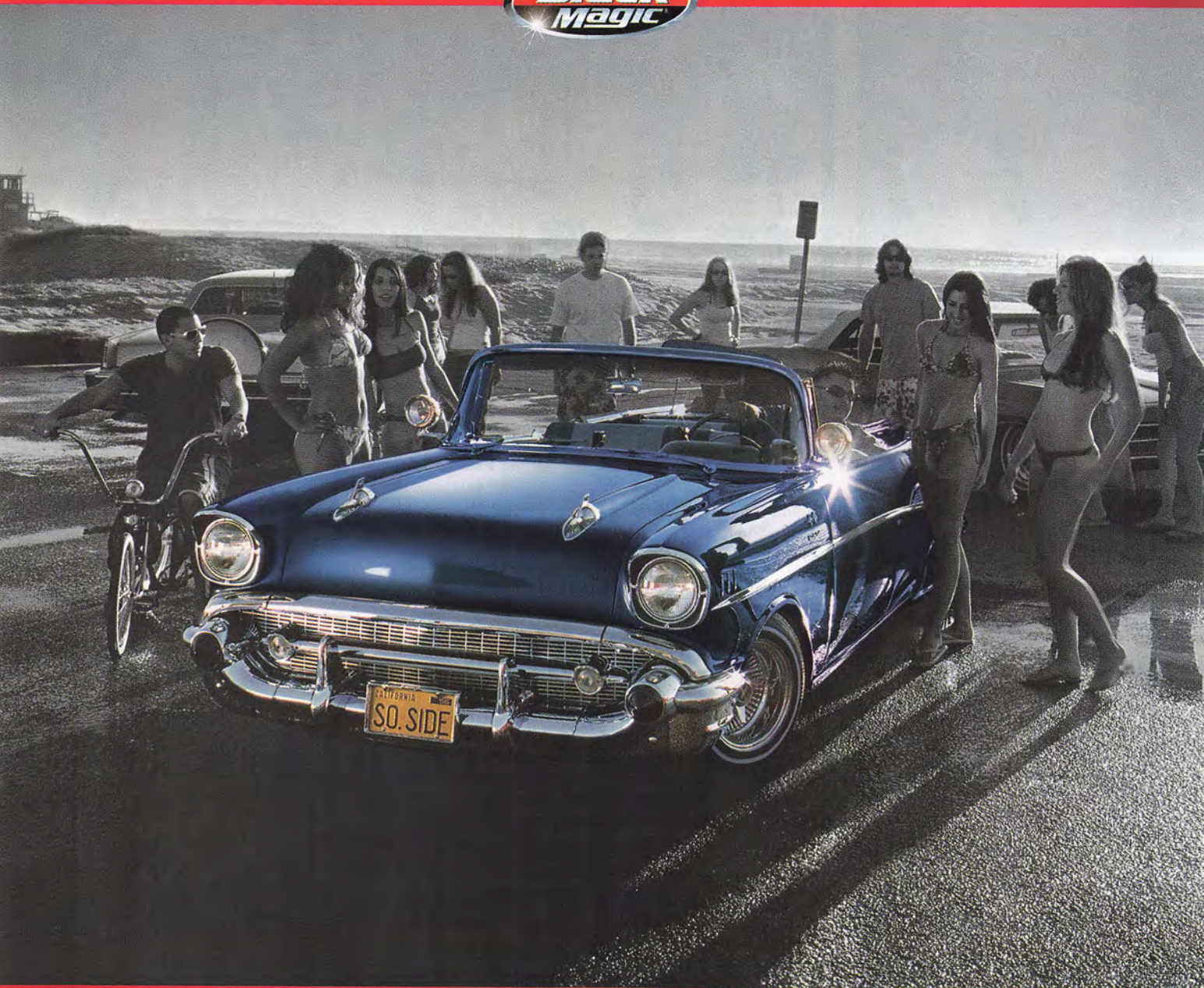
JENNIFER & BRAD

2. The hand over his heart may mean Jen is happy she never brought Schwimmer into their bedroom.



BEN & MATT

3. By standing in front of his pal, Matt shows he's not afraid to cock-block one of his best buds.



Unbelievable shine

No-Scrub Wheel Cleaner
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Wet Shine Liquid Wax & Paste Wax
Wet Shine Spray Detailer
Tire Wet
Pro Shine Protectant
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Leaves your skin smooth. Really
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"One!
Singular
sensation!"

> WATERIN' HOLES

CRACK HEADS

Combine public
nudity and tasty
alcohol—but
do it *on purpose*
this time.



In July 1979, a boozehound named K.T. Smith offered free drinks to any fellow barflies who'd moon the next train to chug past the Mugs Away Saloon in Laguna Niguel, California. Not surprisingly, the crack airing became a proud tradition, and on July 10 thousands of people from as far away as Australia and Japan will come to celebrate the silver anniversary by blinding commuters and hobos with their mud flaps. "Rumor has it Bill Clinton was out here one year mooning trains with female White House staffers," jokes John Kunik, who's owned Mugs Away for a decade. "It's Amtrak's

busiest day of the year." When you tire of pressing your rump against a chain-link fence, slip inside Mugs Away and enjoy a cozy, all-American dive: Bras hang from the ceiling, peanut shells carpet the floor, and street signs adorn the walls. "We're also known for our voluptuous bartenders," Kunik boasts. Just keep one thing in mind: Killjoy cops will toss you in the drunk tank for exposing more than your caboose. If you're interested in making an ass of yourself, make tracks to 27324 Camino Capistrano, or call 949-582-9716.



"If only Mom could
see us now!"

> GREAT QUOTES

GET IT RIGHT

Mr. Blonde explains his behavior to an officer of the law in *Reservoir Dogs*.

“LISTEN, KID, I'M NOT GONNA BULLSHIT YOU, OK? I DON'T GIVE A GOOD FUCK WHAT YOU KNOW, OR DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M GONNA TORTURE YOU ANYWAY, REGARDLESS. NOT TO GET INFORMATION. IT'S AMUSING, TO ME, TO TORTURE A COP. YOU CAN SAY ANYTHING YOU WANT 'CAUSE I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. ALL YOU CAN DO IS PRAY FOR A QUICK DEATH, WHICH YOU AIN'T GONNA GET.”



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belch on com-
mand. If only
they'd listen.



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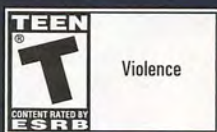
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Web swing for the first time from street to rooftop across the entire city.



GAME BOY ADVANCE

PlayStation 2



MARVEL

SPIDER-MAN

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> MAXIM WORLDWIDE



TANIT PHOENIX

On our next African safari, this is one creature we'd love to cage.

As seen in: German *Maxim*, August '03
Her story: Tanit made quite a splash on European television last year with a notorious shower gel commercial in which she skydived into the ocean—while stripping the whole way down. Sure, she may have left the free-fall duties to a stunt double, but the South African sweetie was more than happy to dangle topless from a crane for her closeups. “Running around naked was never a problem for me,” says the 23-year-old baredevil. But be warned: In the highly unlikely event you ever wind up in bed with Tanit, you’ll have more to fear than overexertion. “I like to bite my lover on the ass as soon as he falls asleep.” The munchies-prone actress also has a sweet tooth for on-screen action, even when it’s girl-on-girl. “The main thing is that it doesn’t look cheap,” she warns. Gratuitous sapphic sex scenes *cheap*? Never!



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Spring Summer 04

Canon





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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

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this stuff was innocent.

THE \$150 WINNER!

Rumors of romance on the set of
Green Acres were rampant.

—Jake Westbrook and Eric Usimowicz



RUNNER-UP

You too can
infuse your
latrine with
the soothing
fragrance of
fresh-cut cock-
shaped flowers!
—Mike Bilerk,
Seal Beach, CA



RUNNER-UP

It's all fun and games till some dope
gets his head stuck in a big vagina.
—Joe Dunlap, Lincoln, NE

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RUNNER-UP

In a pinch ice cream will work just
fine in place of peanut butter.
—Carlos Rodriguez, Fort Worth, TX

RUNNER-UP

"Followers! Fall
upon thy knees
and worship me,
for I wield the
staff of power."
—Andrew Hamilton,
Belleville, IL



RUNNER-UP

With both of them licking vigorously, they could finish
even your cone before it melts.
—Taylor Sloan, Harrisonburg, VA

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Sep. 03 Chocolate Peanut Butter		chocolate-oreo
Sep. 10 Banana		chocolate-mint
		chocolate-chocolate chip
		chocolate-strawberry
		strawberry-peanut butter
		strawberry-cherry
		strawberry-peach
		strawberry-banana
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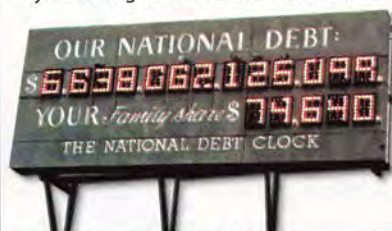
> WHO CARES?

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your economic, lesbianic, electronic questions.

Q: HOW'S ABOUT WE JUST CANCEL OUR \$7.2 TRILLION NATIONAL DEBT?

A: Great idea, spanky! Except for one detail: "The world economy would collapse," says Paul Heise, a former Carter administration economist and current professor at Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania. Defaulting would not only eliminate much of the world's wealth—lending America money is like an investment, as taxpayers are a perpetual revenue source—but would also render the dollar worthless. Since most world trade is based on U.S. dollars, commerce would essentially stop. Sixty percent of the debt is held by American banks, corporations, pension funds, and individual suckers—how's that savings bond retirement plan? But the rest of the IOUs are in the hands of foreigners, with Japan (\$608 billion) and, oddly, China (\$145 billion) leading the pack. The interest on all this debt totals close to \$1 billion a day. Time to give fat cats another tax cut!



But we don't get paid till Friday!

Q: SO IT'S TRUE THAT FEMALE ATHLETES ARE USUALLY LESBIANS, RIGHT?

A: They sure are smart—what better place to see naked chicks than in a locker room? Actually, the perception is totally false. It may have begun in part because prior to the 1970s, when Title IX forced schools to give as many athletic opportunities to girls as they did to boys, female sports were often limited to community softball or bowling teams. Lesbians often frequented those leagues. "Sports were always a masculine preserve," says Eric Anderson, professor of sociology at University of California, Irvine and the country's first openly gay high school coach. "But lesbians said, 'To hell with this,' and were masculinized for playing sports. Then, when hetero women started playing sports, they were masculinized, too." If you've heard that sports can turn women gay because they tend to promote masculine behavior, you've heard wrong. "There is absolutely no association between any social arena and sexual orientation," Anderson says. In that case... towel fight!



Q: WHY AREN'T WAY MORE AIRPLANES STRUCK BY LIGHTNING?

A: Even though pilots don't exactly aim for miles-long bolts of electricity shooting out of the sky, the average commercial bird does get zapped once every 4,000 flight-hours, or about once a year. But even those strikes are rarely felt by passengers. "Most airplanes are designed so that the charge stays on the outside," explains Ken Wiles, president of Lightning Technologies Inc., an aircraft testing and design consulting firm in Massachusetts. "The electricity moves along the surface of the aircraft until it finds an exit point." That point is often a "static wick"—one of the curb-feelers poking off airplane wings—which are designed to diffuse static electricity that interferes with radio communication. Even if a strike did knock electrical systems offline, on-board generators would immediately pick up the slack. There's always the possibility of disaster, however. The last U.S. commercial plane downed by lightning was a Pan Am Boeing 707 over Maryland in 1963; a spark ignited a fuel tank, and all 81 aboard were killed. Enjoy your peanuts!

YOU GUYS CRACK ME UP.



GOT QUESTIONS?

E-mail 'em to ask@maxionline.com. Oi!

> BEAUTIFUL MINDS

Trust the TUTT girls

This month the gals discuss why romantic pasts are ancient history.



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The Chose His Car Over His Girlfriend Guy



ION Red Line shown with retailer-installed spoiler. Available Spring 2004. ©2004 Saturn Corporation.

The 205-horsepower Saturn ION Red Line



Supercharged 205-hp engine. RECARO Sport Seats. 17" forged alloy wheels.
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BRUSH WITH GREATNESS

Turn your dilapidated hovel into a hovel you can be proud of with a fresh coat of paint. BY CRAIG BETTER



NICE CANS!

Figure on a gallon for every 300–350 sq. ft. of coverage. Drywall sucks up pigment like your sister on a cruise ship, so darker colors may require an extra coat.

6 TROUGH TIME

Dip half your roller into the tray, roll it on the ramp to distribute the paint, and apply it in the shape of a four-foot M—for *Maxim*! Then fill it out the area using horizontal strokes to spread the paint and light vertical strokes to smooth it out. Only do a few feet at a time, starting at the leading edge before it dries.

5 LET'S ROLL

Purdy and Wooster are good brands for rollers; avoid bargain bundle packs. The 1/4-inch fuzz thickness is for flat walls; increase for rougher surfaces. Make sure you have threaded handles for extension poles. When popping a virgin roller, first glide it over masking tape to pluck off any—ew!—stray hairs.

4 SHIFTING GEAR

Move your furniture—yes, the *whole* futon—to the room's center and cover with sheets. Remove any fixtures that might be hard to work around, such as switch covers or your roommate. With a brush, paint areas your roller can't get tight against—this is called "cutting in," and it has nothing to do with dancing.

1 PAINT BY THE NUMBERS

For interiors, use water-based latex paint, not oil-based (those'll work for exterior wood surfaces but require solvents for cleanup). Finishes range from glossy, which is washable, to flat, which ain't. Buy paint all at once to avoid shade variations, and remember that colors will look darker on the wall than on the swatch.

2 FOREPLAY

To ensure your paint forms a strong bond with the surface and won't chip later, you'll spend twice as long prepping the walls as actually painting. Scrape off loose fragments, fill holes with spackle, sand with 150-grit paper, lightly sponge the walls from bottom to top, and vacuum the dust. OK, *now* you can paint. Soon.

3 CARPET AND DRAPES

If the trim is a different color than the walls, cover it, and any other surfaces where paint could splatter, with blue painter's tape and drop cloths. Brush primer over any dark marks and repaired areas so they won't show through. Don your spiffiest prison-issue jumpsuit and get ready to roll.

7 IT'S ALL IN THE WRIST

It's easiest to start with the ceiling and work down; you're not in your own way, plus you can slop over the lower edge, then cut in against it with the next color. For windows, paint a bit onto the glass; razor off excess. For doors, do the panels, then both the horizontal and vertical sections. Don't paint the doorknob, idjit.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE!

Get a four- to six-inch straight-edged brush for large areas and a two- to three-inch one for trim. Don't go for the cheap shit—the bristles will shed, and your wall will be as hairy as your bathtub drain. Look to pay about \$10 a brush, then toss 'em when you're done.

8 TEXTURE MESSAGING

If you feel like queer-eyeing the place up, sponge on amoeba-shaped gobs of white texture paint, let it dry, then use another color and drag the sponge across the textured spots. Depending on the colors, it'll create anything from a stucco look to a psychedelic freak-out. Practice on your neighbor's garage!

REMEMBER YOUR RUBBERS!

To avoid having excess paint drip down the side of the can and ruin your pedicure, place a wide rubber band across the top of the can. Dip your brush a third of the way into the paint and slide one side along the band as you remove it. Then shoot the band at your dog.

9 UNDER PRESSURE

Readying the outside of a house for painting is much the same as readying the interior: Scrape and sand, repair holes, caulk around windows and doors, or just hose everything with a pressure washer. Rent an extension ladder with stabilizers and cover the top ends with your girlfriend's panties so they won't leave a mark.

10 SLIPPERY WHEN WET

Consult the most grizzled vet at Home Depot to see what type of paint will best suit your house's siding, and rent a sprayer to cover large areas fast. To keep paint from drying too quickly and unevenly, work on the shady side. More importantly, crack a brew...and remember to watch your step on that ladder. ☒

STROKES OF GENIUS!

When you're painting, apply just enough pressure to flex the bristles. Use long, smooth strokes, moving between wet and dry areas to avoid unsightly skid, er, overlap marks.

Remember:
Ingested paint
sure is toxic!



Ask Dr. Maxim's Sister!

Her slightly less comely sibling fields questions about tumors, nose hairs, and Iraq! Listen at your own risk. **BY MARCI REMY**



The other day I was in a store with my girlfriend when I inadvertently picked up a teak-scented candle and an Enya CD. Do you think I have a brain tumor?

➤ Get yourself to a doctor! Stat! (You don't mind if I call you Stat, do you?) You may or may not have a brain tumor, Stat, but it certainly sounds as if your testicles have shrunk to an alarming degree. That would explain not only the scented candle and Enya CD but also the Hello Kitty stationery you wrote us on, the tiny hearts with which you dot your *i*'s, and the even tinier *xo*'s you used to form the hearts themselves.

The first step in your long road to recovery is to stop listening to Enya immediately and switch to something ballsier. Over-the-counter music, such as AC/DC or DMX, may help stop the shrinkage, but in order to reverse the damage your physician may opt to prescribe something stronger, such as electroshock therapy or a Metallica bootleg. Be sure to apply the music directly to your scrotum, in a firm, circular motion.

P.S. If tests do suggest the presence of a brain tumor, your doctor will likely recommend a raft of expensive "treatments." To persuade you, he may even go so far as to show you a "shadow" on your MRI and speak of increased levels of "alpha-fetoprotein" in your "cerebrospinal fluid." My advice? Tell him, "No thanks, quackenheimer," get in your car, and crank the Metallica way up. Then lay rubber!

I recently yanked out a nose hair that was six inches long and braided, in three colors. It smells like beeswax. Is that normal?

➤ The short answer to your question: No. The long answer: No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o.

Actually, it depends on a number of factors. Ask yourself these questions:

1. Did you yank this hair from your own nose? If no, then, no, it's not normal to go around yanking hair from other people's noses. Even if it's just hanging there, begging to be yanked. You may want to talk to a therapist who specializes in respecting boundaries. If yes (it is from your own nose), then please proceed in an orderly fashion to question #2.

2. Is it a candle wick? Because it sounds like it could be a candle wick. If yes, you

Six-inch nose hairs are quite normal—at least if they're magenta.

should be OK, as long as you're sure it smells like beeswax and not like teak. A teak smell may indicate a brain tumor, so see above for possible cures. If no, proceed to question #3.

3. Are the three colors yellow, brown, and magenta? Or yellow, brown, and fuchsia? A yellow, brown, and magenta hair is perfectly normal—healthy, even. Yellow, brown, and fuchsia spells trouble. Pack the hair in ice and see a doctor at once. (Ask Stat for directions.)

Help! I'm worried about my inability to focus. I'm extremely talkative, and I think I'll have Italian for lunch. Hey, is that a dog? I love dogs!

➤ Trouble focusing? Sounds like you need a new camera—many of today's models have an autofocus feature. Many of today's models also have eating disorders, such as bulimia, which sounds like a South American country

but so isn't. Neither is Portugal, which is weird. You know why they call it South America? Because it's south of North America. If it were up to me, I'd call it SoNo, which sounds more hip. Anyway, So and No America are both named after this explorer guy—oh, remind me to tell you about my friend Kevin, who just got this great used Ford Explorer for cheap, because the original owner died of heart disease or something, so the car is fine.

Anyway, this explorer guy, Amerigo Vespucci, which reminds me of my Vespa scooter, which is so cool-looking. I really should learn to drive it one of these days, because it sure would beat just sitting on it and making "vrooom! vrooom!" noises, which is what I've been doing. It's pink. Is that gay? Because I love it. It's just so retro! Oh, yeah, and that Amerigo guy? He was Italian, which brings us back to lunch. If you really love dogs, we ▶



"Let's yank those bad tonsils right out the back door."

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Denise Greco for Halley Resources; prop styling, Greg Meyer for Halley Resources; hair, Steve Ramsey for artistsbymoodypiano.com; make-up, Karen Panoch for artistsbymoodypiano.com; shot on location at Manhattan Medical, N.Y.C.



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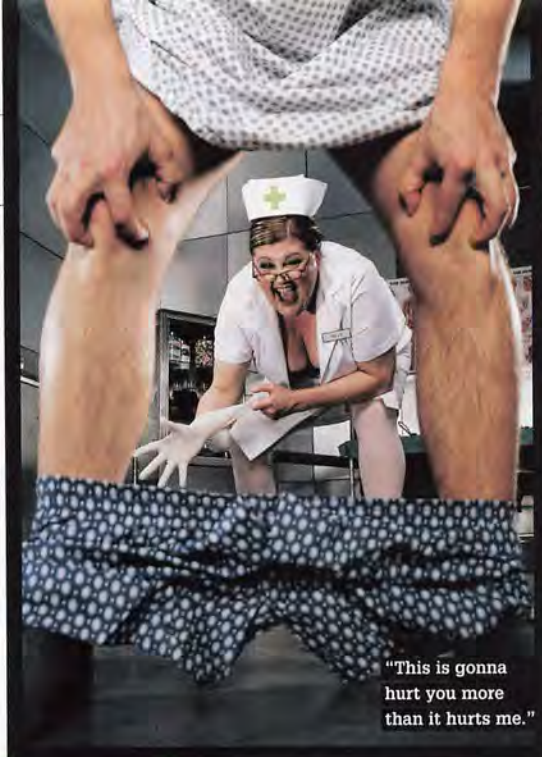


*Results are achieved after a 21-day adjustment period when using the HQ-170 lotion. © 2004 Norelco Consumer Products Company, A Division of Philips Electronics North America Corp.

could grab one a few blocks away and eat it in the park, because it's a nice day. There are a couple of vendors closer, but this one guy a few blocks away is so nice, and sometimes he gives me a free soda. Come on—I'll race ya!

With all this Iraq brouhaha, my wife and I have supplemented our car's exterior with larger and larger American flags. Our latest is 10 feet by five feet, for which we have fortified our car-radio antenna. Unfortunately, this reduces visibility quite a bit, and we recently crashed into a bridge abutment, giving me two cracked ribs and severing the little finger of my wife's left hand, and also her head. Is this something I can sew back on myself? The head, I mean.

⊕ The question isn't *can* you sew it back on. The question is *should* you. And the answer in both cases is a resounding yes. The issue of your wife's self-esteem aside, just think of your children. Do you really want them to grow up with a headless mother? Sure, you could all have some laughs come Halloween, but otherwise the cons far outweigh the pros. Just for starters, what would they kiss good night? And imagine that awkward moment when you're filling out a form that asks you to name the head of the household. Also, consider the feelings of friends, relatives, dinner guests, hat salespeople. Just how do you



"This is gonna hurt you more than it hurts me."

Use dental floss for homemade sutures—it stays strong even when wet!

suppose *they'd* feel? Uncomfortable, that's how. When people's eyes travel from a woman's feet up past her belly to her neck, they expect to see a head up there. Right or wrong, that's just the way it is. So bust out the needle and thread, and get busy. (Tip: Try using dental floss instead—it's stronger than regular thread, even if it gets wet!)

This assumes, of course, that you've already attended to your flag and made sure that it's all right. U.S.A.!

I suffer from severe depression, and that's putting it mildly (hence the term *severe*). I hate everyone

and everything, myself most of all. My friends are balding morons, and my family is dead. (I am a eunuch.) TV game shows such as \$25,000 Pyramid no longer provide solace (for a while the old Match Game reruns kept me going, but now I've seen all of them), and for several years now I have been trying to kill myself. I have tried all the standard methods: hanging, overdoses, even taping my lips and nostrils shut with Scotch tape, all of which nearly do the trick but have so far only resulted in the usual parade of concerned friends, patient medical staff, and hours upon hours of pointless, sickening consciousness, not to mention countless copies of Dorothy Parker's poem "Résumé" being given to me by people who think that not taking me seriously will help stop my attention-seeking behavior and snap me out of this deep, dark, underwater cesspool I call my life. What can I do?

⊕ Yikes—I dunno. ☹



GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?

Submit your questions on the Grit channel at maximonline.com.



HOW TO

ID YOUR SUMMER ALLERGIES

Think your sniffles stem from the season's pollenpalooza? You could be wrong—dead wrong.

1. STUFFY NOSE

You think it's:

Hay fever

But it could be:

Sylvester's syndrome, which causes an intense rash inside your respiratory tract. It won't kill you, but you'll wish it would... Eventually, it'll hurt so much to breathe, you won't want to go on. Most patients, even when treated, quickly commit suicide.

2. HIVES

You think it's:

Poison oak

But it could be:

Toxic subdermal lichens. Transmitted through French food, these are freaky weird, but they normally live peacefully just below your skin. Scratch them, however, and they explode and cause what appear to be hives, until your body is covered (in two days or so).

3. DRY EYES

You think it's:

Conjunctivitis

But it could be:

Ocular mintelscopy, a painful condition that causes a rapid dehydration of the eyeballs. If not treated, your peepers will dry out to the point that they become as fragile as a ball of lint. Blinking is sometimes traumatic enough to collapse them into dust.

4. VOMITING

You think it's:

Mild food poisoning

But it could be:

Riker's disease. Hurry up and call that priest—you're not vomiting up dinner... that pile of goo in the minister's lap is actually your stomach and intestines! The vomiting will stop only when your innards have been completely, fatally, dissolved away.

5. SORE THROAT

You think it's:

A bad reaction to a bug sting

But it could be:

Terminal lymph node syndrome. TLS makes your throat swell to the point that oxygen can't get to your lungs and blood can't reach your brain. Once you have it, it's a tossup which'll kill you first: asphyxiation or sheer lack of blood. —Will Phung



A detail from *Renoir's Still Life With Pustulant Boils*

Illustration, Paul Wootton



**WHY DRIVE WHEN
YOU CAN FLY.**

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT
MAY CAUSE GUM
DISEASE AND
TOOTH LOSS



Always
**A PINCH
BETTER.®**

FRESH, BOLD TASTE. EVERY TIME.



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Kerry's Top Secret Election Memo!

Does a mysterious cabal of cultural elites pull the strings of the Democratic Party? This shocking memo seems to prove it...and smells real pretty.



"That's my lucky quarter. Nobody touch it, goddamn it."



"I, too, enjoy combustion engines roaring against my coin purse."



"Take that, commoner! I shall best you at your own simple game."

FROM THE
DESK OF OSCAR
& TONY AWARD
WINNER
BARBRA
STREISAND



PAGE 1

To: Governor Dukakis Senator John Kerry
Re: Saving America From Itself

Dear John-baby,

Darling! Can we talk man to man? If you screw up this election, I will be pissed, so pay attention—you don't want to see my Botox-ironed face wrinkle like a donkey's sack. I had a little chai tea colonic after my weekly kabalistic group chant with the usual suspects—Hollywood power brokers, actor/activists, an important minority leader who is also my gardener, and a bunch of Jews who run everything. We agreed you need a makeover tout de suite, bubby. And who better to do it than moi!

The way we see it, people think you're an Ivy League bleeding-heart stiff born with a silver spoon. You're this party's Bob Dole. But don't panic—we're here with the paddles. Clear!

Here are some Dos and Don'ts, John—get cracking. Don't forget who's funding this ego trip, Frankenstein. >>

PAGE 2

DO: Promise to fight unemployment and stick up for the little guy. Working people are America's backbone. I should know!

DON'T: Let them see your Rolex. Show you're in touch with the working class—garage that damn Lexus and get in there with the little grubs. Remember, hit the nail with the flat side of the hammer, not the hooky-grabby thing.

DO: Stand up for core liberal values like affirmative action, abortion, and separation of church and state.

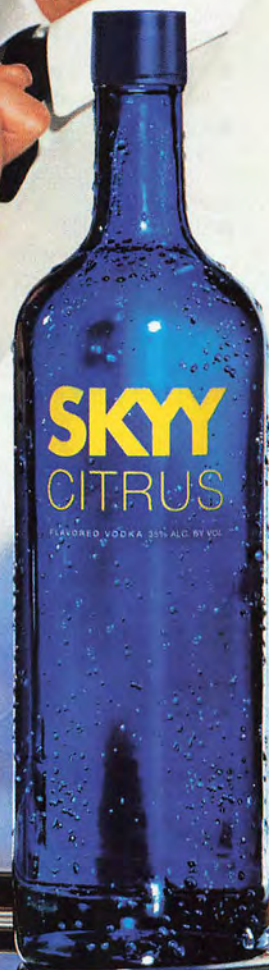
DON'T: Let it leak that there's nothing a Godless liberal loves more than a delicious suckling crack baby roast in honor of Beelzebub, our Dark Prince. Only kidding.

DO: Promise to pass universal health care for all Americans, just like Canada.

DON'T: Let them talk to Canadians and find out that it's like going to the DMV for a checkup—long lines, paperwork, and rude ex-cons who don't speak English. (In this case, the doctors.) >>



#74 "IN THE SHADE" A unique blend of all natural citrus flavors. www.skyy.com SKYY Citrus® 35% alc/vol (70 proof) ©2004 SKYY Spirits, LLC, San Francisco, CA



ELECTORAL COLLAGE

BEAT AROUND THE BUSH

What to expect before the November Election Show.

JULY

- Campaigns in GOP strong-hold of Massachusetts.
- Accepts Democratic nomination while hang-gliding onstage through a shower of fireworks.
- Photo op: Wears hard hat... doesn't even delouse it first!



AUGUST

- Proves environmental cred by admitting to resembling one of the living trees in *Lord of the Rings*.
- Proves masculinity by writing Saddam Hussein a really nasty e-mail.
- Visits soup kitchen, orders lobster bisque. Asks what "busing" is.



SEPTEMBER

- Stops sounding like Thurston Howell III; starts talking to his "homeys" in polished Ebonics.
- Campaign stops: Germany and France.
- Proves he's tough on terrorism by flying coach and eating the food.

OCTOBER

- During debate, shoots Bush menacing gang sign and shows gold tooth.
- Secretly meets with Skull and Bones brothers—including Brother Bush.
- Refers to the November election as being about Jocks vs. Nerds.



NOVEMBER

- Crosses fingers.

PAGE 3

DO: Exploit your relationships with and the support of Democratic elder statesmen like Massachusetts senior senator Ted Kennedy.

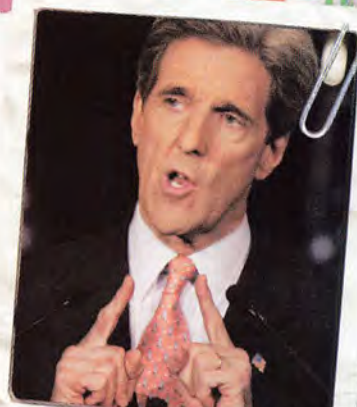
DON'T: Beer-bong bottles of Sam Adams with coeds at Kennedy's semiannual "Bowl o' Roofies" party at the Kennedy compound.

DO: Talk straight to the gun-loving Bible freaks in the South, whom you apparently have to appeal to in order to win the presidency. Try to use the word "y'all"—as in, "Salutations, y'all."

DON'T: Mention "gun control," "Boston," "gay marriage," or "taxes."

DO: Chastise the president for exploiting 9/11 for political gain.

DON'T: Chastise the president for exploiting 9/11 for political gain during a fund-raiser at my Malibu mansion—that's exploiting >>



"Would you believe the race is this close?"

PAGE 4

their exploiting of 9/11 for political gain for political gain.

DO: Seek endorsements from important political intellectuals like Janeane Garofalo, Ethan Hawke, and Michael Moore.

DON'T: Mention that the mysterious European leader who endorsed you off the record was German chancellor Gerhard Schroeder, and he was just calling you at 2 A.M., drunk again, wondering if you liked the poop porno.

DO: Accuse the president of dressing in a flight suit and trying to pass himself off as a war hero.

DON'T: Straddle the fence—it's time to decide whether you're a heroic war vet or a legendary antiwar activist.

DO: Embrace our skeptical European "allies." Foreign policy is Bush's weakest point—let's shoot to kill!

DON'T: Mention that Europe can afford a paternal welfare >>



BIG DANCE PARTNERS

Break Senate ties! Attend funerals! Sit on your hands! Be resentful and bitter! Who smells like number two?

GENERAL WESLEY CLARK

"My military service, ability to follow orders, and creepy-ass googly eyes make me ideal—even if Kosovo was fought with a Play-Station 2."



AL FRANKEN

"I'm the smartest, funniest, most handsome guy I know, for a vain, goofy liberal know-it-all. I'll do for the ticket what I did to partisan radio."



JOHN EDWARDS

"My populist charm and Southern roots would be an asset. Too bad I'm an ambulance-chasing millionaire lawyer and you're a Yankee dandy."



JANE FONDA

"Remember that time I was willing to sell out American soldiers by being all cuddly with the Vietcong, pal o' mine? Let's do brunch!"



SENATOR BOB GRAHAM

"As a quirky Florida senator, I'd help out with the voters in this swing state. Because it's state spirit, not issues, that matters to stupid, stupid voters."



World's smallest/lightest camcorder and camera combination!



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CAMERA CORDER™



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It's the Fisher High-Resolution Digital Pocket CameraCorder™

Take DVD-like quality digital video. Take 3.2 mega-pixel digital still pictures. Or take both at once! The Fisher CameraCorder™ is an all-in-one revolutionary marvel (just 5.4 ounces) without the numerous parts that are found with conventional tape mechanisms.

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Fisher CameraCorder™, which includes a 512 megabyte card, can store over 3,900 photos.

Take it virtually anywhere and be ready for just about any video/photo opportunity.

The Revolutionary Fisher CameraCorder™ is engineered by SANYO, one of the world's foremost digital imaging R & D sources.



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Good life. Great price.

SANYO

SCREEN SAVIOR

LAST-MINUTE KERRY AD!

The 30-second spot we'd run to get Kerry in the seat.*

:01 BUSH WHACK

Grainy footage of George Bush.

V/O: "Under George W. Bush, this country went to war for oil, lost three million jobs, cut taxes for the rich, and ran the most secretive administration in history."



:05 ST. KERRY

Kerry rousing the unwashed masses with pious droning.

V/O: "John Kerry fought bravely in Vietnam, and protested the war. He's for Iraq and against it. Whatever your opinion, John Kerry agrees with you."



:12 BLUE HOLLA!

Kerry miming tedious grind for 30 seconds that real

workers endure their whole lives.

V/O: "He's against trade and for it. He's against all corporate fat cats, even his closest friends and family."



:18 LOVE, JACQUES

Kerry glad-handing world leaders who hate us.

V/O: "The world adores him. As an aristocrat, John Kerry knows how to talk to the world's wealthiest despots. Conversation, people... and skiing!"



:23 AD LIBERAL

Kerry, as a cross between a ninja and Gandhi. He is

loved by hippies, trannies, and hobos alike.

V/O: "This November, vote for John Kerry. He's everything—which makes Bush nothing."



"The kids dig the rocking and the rolling."



"The new secretary of dazzle—me! Yay!"

PAGE 5

state only because we pay for their defense. (It's worth it, though—you simply can't get a good soufflé outside of Paris.)

DO: Snowboard in a rad attempt to appeal to young voters.

DON'T: Talk about how it's the children of today's young people who are going to pay for either your extra services or the president's tax cut. (Unless they have my accountant!)

DO: Promise to raise taxes for the wealthiest Americans.

DON'T: Let Rule 1 leak out. (Liberal or conservative, the rich always take care of their own!) You'll raise taxes, but that's what tax loopholes are for. Oh, my accountant again!

DO: Accuse Bush of being beholden to right-wing special interests.

DON'T: Admit you're beholden to the ACLU, PETA, George Soros, The New York Times, gangsta rappers, the French, sexual deviants, or the Communist Party. Or yours truly.

DO: Embrace minorities and declare yourself the "second black president." Aren't minorities great? Such rhythm.

DON'T: Embrace them when they're cleaning any one of your five faboo mansions. There are lines that shouldn't be crossed.

DO: Mention your misery index—the index that compiles unemployment, interest rates, inflation, and health care costs into a darker but more accurate picture of the economy.

DON'T: Mention that you've never, ever been "miserable."

DO: Brag about your military service as a way of assuring you'll be strong on defense. You tossed >>

PAGE 6

your ribbons, not your medals.

DON'T: Bring up the fact that wartime presidents Abraham Lincoln, FDR, and Woodrow Wilson had no military experience.

DO: Attend church, quote scripture, and position yourself as "spiritual."

DON'T: Focus on the fact that God hasn't been returning the Democratic Party's calls for quite some time.

DO: Criticize the unilateral way we're fighting the war in Iraq.

DON'T: Remind people how you voted to give the president impunity in waging the war.

DO: Be everything to everyone all the time. Know whom to tell you're protectionist and whom to tell you're pro-trade.

DON'T: Have any specific positions or opinions—the conservative press will only hold you to them. So long as we're against Bush (Hitler! Hitler!), we don't have to be for anything.

Toodles! XOXO

BABS



FAN CLUBS ON FIVE CONTINENTS.

300 MOTION PICTURES.

40 YEARS.

ONE CAR.



Mustang. The secret of its popularity? From our vantage point of looking back over the past 40 years, it's easy to see. Unlike so many other cars that have come and gone, Mustang remains true to the very day it was born kicking.

MUSTANG



fordvehicles.com

40 Greatest FORD



1. A LEGEND IS BORN

In 1962, a young Lee Iacocca, then Vice President of Ford, envisions the first Mustang prototype. From 1970–78 he leads Ford as president. Looks like building the Mustang was a good career move.

2. FAST CONCEPT

The modeling of the original Mustang in 1962 took just 11 days. Only a few days longer than your last relationship.

3. MYTH BUSTER

The Mustang's namesake was not the legendary P-51 fighter plane that was flown during WWII and the Korean War, as many enthusiasts believe. If that were true, wouldn't the grill ornament be a plane? According to Ford's original design team, the Mustang was named after the horse of the Western American plains known for its endurance and speed, and they're sticking to it.

4. NUMBER ONE

The first production Mustang ever built is on display for future generations to enjoy at The Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn Michigan. Interestingly enough, this milestone vehicle almost didn't make it there. See Mustang moment number 8.

5. JUST CAN'T WAIT

In 1963, Mustang ads appear in magazines providing a first look at the highly-anticipated car. The baby boom ends as men flock to the showrooms.

6. LANDMARK MOMENT

An eager press corps assembles on the Empire State building observation deck for a look at the Mustang. To manage the feat, a Mustang is disassembled, freighted up a service elevator, and put back together.

7. AFFORDABLE COOL

Jaws dropped when the 1964 Mustang's sticker price was revealed at an affordable \$2,368. A gallon of gas cost 75¢.

8. OOPS!

Ford intended to drive the first Mustang built across Canada on a tour of dealerships. Mustang #1 was accidentally sold to an airline pilot who drove it approximately 10,000 miles, then traded it in back to Ford. The pilot must have thought he was buying a wingless P-51 Mustang.

9. LIKE HOT CAKES

The first production model is introduced in 1964 selling 22,000 on the first day.

10. YEEHAW!

The Mustang runs wild at the 1964 World's Fair in New York City, capturing every urban cowboy's imagination.

11. NEWS FLASH

In 1963, a magazine ad ran in national newspapers proclaiming "The most exciting thing on TV tonight will be a commercial." That evening, 29 million Americans tuned in at 9:00pm to watch Ford unveil its Mustang.

12. DEVOTION

In 1964, fearing that someone else would get the last car on the lot, a man in Arlington, TX slept in a Mustang at the dealership until his check cleared the next morning.

13. CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS

A truck driver in San Francisco was apparently drawn into a trance by the sight of the Mustang, and drove his truck straight through the showroom window. He later woke up in the arms of a saleswoman.

14. RECORD BREAKER

By its first anniversary, 418,812 Mustangs were sold.

15. SOLD!

Ford's original estimate for Mustang sales was 100,000 cars in the first year of production. More than 100,000 Mustangs were sold in the first four months.

16. WILD SUCCESS

One million Mustangs were on the road within 2 years.



17. SLOW DOWN!

Hot-rodding parents in the US bought more than 93,000 pedal-powered children's Mustangs during the 1964 Christmas season. Speed traps were setup in playgrounds.

18. HOT SHOT

In April 1965, The Mustang's faster, meaner big brother, the Mustang GT debuted.

19. HONORED

A Mustang pace car leads the herd at the Indianapolis 500 in 1965.

20. SPEED FOR RENT

In 1966, 930 Mustang Fastbacks and six convertible Mustangs GT-350's are available as rental cars for young vacationers with a need for speed.

21. SHELBY LOVE

In 1965, 36 lightweight Mustang R-model Shelby GT-350 Fastbacks are built to wreak havoc on the Sports Car Club of America's (SCCA) B-Production road racing class. Shelby Mustangs stay at the head of the class from 1965 through 1967.

22. ON ITS OWN

The first Mustangs were built on Ford Falcon platforms. 1973 marked the first model that discontinued the use of Falcon parts.

23. THE BOSS

Through the vision of Ford's design chief Larry Shinoda, the '68 and '69 Mustang, named "The Boss," became one of the most celebrated designs in Mustang history. He was very popular around the water cooler.



moments of the MUSTANG



24. SPACE SHIP

The design of the aggressive hood scoops on the '71 Mustang Mach 1, which mounted directly onto the carburetor, were borrowed from NASA technology.



25. BIG BREED

The 1971 Mustangs were the biggest ever built. These behemoths were nearly a foot longer and 600 lbs. heavier than the originals.

26. TAKING A BREAK

The Pony Grill ornament design slows from a gallop to a trot in 1974.

27. MUSCLED DOWN

Just in time for the 1974 energy crisis, the Mustang II debuts trading in muscle for fuel efficiency. This becomes one of Ford's most important cars and likely saved the Mustang from extinction.

28. COLOR ME

In the 1960's and early 70's, orders of new Mustang's could be made in any color. This included pink, purple, and blue, popular with the ladies and fancy lads.

29. SETTING THE PACE

In 1979, the redesigned Mustang again becomes the Official Pace Car of 52nd Annual Indianapolis 500.

30. FIGHT SPEED WITH SPEED

In 1982, just in case anyone thought they could outrun the law, The California Highway Patrol purchased 400 5.0 Liter Notchback Mustangs. Speeding ticket revenues double.



31. FACELIFT

In 1994, The Mustang is dramatically restyled to celebrate its 30th Anniversary, changing

1,330 of its 1,850 parts to evoke its performance

heritage. The car was lighter and more efficient than its former counterparts.



32. BIG STAR

In 2000, the third SVT Mustang Cobra R is produced. Only 300 of these street legal, 385hp beasts are made. You should be so lucky to own one.



33. YO SOY MUSTANG

The word "Mustang" comes from the Spanish word, "mesteno," which means "wild or untamed" horse. Don't ask where "mesteno" comes from wise guy.

34. FAST PACE

In 1994, a SVT Mustang Cobra convertible takes Official Pace Car duty for the third time at the 77th Annual Indianapolis 500.

35. FASTER THAN A SPEEDING...

In 2001, Ford debuts the Mustang Bullitt GT inspired by the 1968 Mustang GT390 driven in the movie classic. Tough-guy fans rejoice.

36. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

In 2002, The Mustang stood alone as the only "pony car" class vehicle built as two long-time competitors stopped production.

\$50 goes to the reader that guesses the two discontinued cars. Log onto www.wearejoking.com to tell us your answers.

37. LAND ROCKET

With top speeds reaching 170mph, the latest SVT Mustang accelerates from zero to 60mph in about 4.7 seconds. Faster than it takes a supermodel to shoot down your feeble advances.

38. COLLECTABLE CLASSICS

A pristine '64-'65 Mustang classic can fetch up to \$100,000, but a quick search in today's vast collector's market can yield a variety of restored 1965 models in the \$10,000 range.

39. COMPANY MILESTONE

In 2004, Ford Motor Co. produces its 300 millionth car, a convertible 40th Anniversary edition Mustang.

40. THE NEXT WAVE

Mustang unveils the 2005 Mustang concept car in 2002. Meant to be a milestone in design, the new evolution pays homage to some of the greatest Mustangs from the 60's. Production models will be available in the Fall of '04.



DRIVING ME NUTS



The favorite tub was leaky and had to be scrubbed

Elijah Wood tries to stay outta the drain



Some men train their entire lives, honing their bodies and minds to challenge the laws of physics. Others climb into anything with wheels and aim downhill. Whee!

WACKY RACERS

FUN WITH FURNITURE

BATHTUBS AND BEDS...OH, MY!

Is there anything more cumbersome than a used piece of furniture? Too big for a lawn ornament, too small to live in...and it's not like you can throw it out. Merging the arts of detritus removal and endurance athleticism, these fair competitors have created a new form of expression. From the tony Bathtub Race in Cagnes, France (top) to Brazilian Bed Races (right) to celebrity tub rivalries at Wellington's Dragon Boat Festival (inset), the world is united in competitive recycling.



The sheets can be torn into strips for bandages



"We need something to grease the skids...Think!"



POOPULARITY CONTEST

WHERE NUMBER TWO WINS

Across the country, the noble rentable potty is claiming its rightful spot as a premier race vehicle, with competitors laying down gnarly

skid marks from Tennessee all the way to Montana (the Big Mountain Furniture Race, pictured above). Now get your shit in gear!

MADAME OVARY

GAMETE ME AT THE RACES

The oldest race is still a crowd fave: the humble sperm's fight to the goal line. Sponsored by BBC Three and the Open University (a real school), the Lab Rats race sperm from a scientist and a comedian. Oi! Those Brits and their reality TV...



MIKE

ZERON

> FACE BEHIND THE RACE #1

FLAME ON, FELLOW MAN

We grill Jack Taylor, marshal of San Diego's live-fire barbecue race, about his creation.



Explain how this race started.

What's to explain? A few of us were arguing about how to move a grill—push or pull. We figured the manly way to

settle it was with a contest, so we made an obstacle course.

Have any injuries occurred?

We've had a few grill tip-overs. Aside from the occasional cinder

in the eye, we've been fortunate.

Do the racers cook on the grills on course?

No, but the judges can award extra points for style, fire

quality, bribes... ultimately, it's entirely arbitrary. Are performance-enhancing drugs allowed?

Does beer count?
—John Walsh

COSTUME CRUSADES

SERIOUS HORSEPLAY

Not an athlete? Dress like one anyway. Toss on a horse outfit and you're set for Wednesday at our house—we mean, Britain's Pantomime Horse Race. Farther below: Running a marathon not hard enough? Do it dressed like a bottle! For more info on looking like a poser, read GQ.

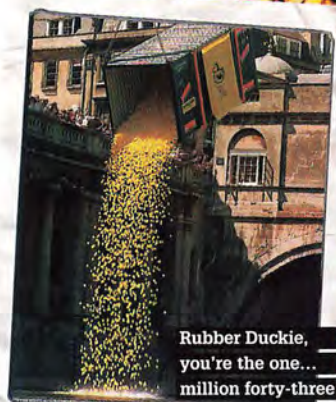


Budget cuts hurt the Greeks' Trojan Horse initiative



"Yeah, well I say you're smoky with a rich finish."

That the ducks are blind only adds to the cruelty



Rubber Duckie, you're the one... million forty-three

YOU ANIMALS!

WILD ANIMAL KINGDOM

Our animal friends demonstrate nature's superior performance design. Bottom: Berliners harness the elephant's innate aerodynamics, while adrenaline-soaked Brits race snails. Top: Pick a duck and try your luck—the winning floater's sponsor gets cash and quacking rights.



Serious nail-biter. (If you're on heroin.)



All the boys say, "Hay baby, hay baby, yeah!"

RAZING HELL

MOW MONEY...MOW MONEY...

If you *really* hate grass, you'll enjoy the dog-fights on the British Lawn Mower Racing circuit (this one in Essex), a sport popularized

by *The Prince & Me*. Crackerjack greens-butchers supe up their mowers for a speed fest that rivals your mom's meth lab. **M**

> FACE BEHIND THE RACE #2

FETAL COW VS. FLYING PIG

Jessica Mandoki explains Flügtag, where parades meet suicidal lemmings.



Suicidal what?

In Red Bull's Flügtag contests, teams build machines and push them off a pier. The aircraft can look like anything: hamburgers, pigs, cows

giving birth. Teams perform skits and are judged on creativity, spirit, and distance.

Have you had any favorites?

The Candy Flyer team was the best!

They dressed like pieces of candy and were shot out of this huge dispenser.

Any rules?

There's a 400-pound limit, so your jockey friend should drive.

How does a diving pregnant cow embody the American spirit?

Having the courage to jump 24 feet into cold water?

—Alexa Prisco

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUD LIGHT AND OTHER

LIGHT BEERS IS A WHOLE LOT MORE THAN JUST ALL

NATURAL INGREDIENTS. IT'S ALSO A MATTER OF TASTE. BUD LIGHT IS A LIGHT BEER

THAT'S LOW IN CARBS AND OFFERS FRESH, SMOOTH, REAL BEER TASTE.

YEAH, IT'S QUITE A PACKAGE.

It's All Here.



SHINY!
NEW
SECTION"We will rain
popcorn death
on you all!"

THE WAR WIZARDS

Maxim attends a high-caliber Pentagon trade show, where military contractors unveil the next generation of death machines. By Adam Piore

You're in a cave overlooking a canyon, lying in wait for a squad of approaching U.S. soldiers. Kalashnikov locked and loaded, you are primed for the ambush. You think you have the upper hand.

But you're wrong.

Eleven months ago, a humongous blimp-like eyeball lifted off from a distant U.S. base; it's been hovering, invisible, 70,000 feet above you ever since. It's three times the size of the Goodyear, and inside this floating death star is an antenna nearly as long as the Statue of Liberty. More powerful than even the most sophisticated satellite, the airship has sensors that can track the movement of individual soldiers on a battlefield. It's been following your positions for days, along with those of thousands of other potential targets.

Six thousand miles away, at CENTCOM's base in Tampa, a technician looks up from his jelly donut and notices you and your squad. While sipping his coffee, he orders the deployment of one of Lockheed Martin's morphing "hunter killers," unmanned hawk-like predators with outstretched wings and blunted beaks. Approaching your position, it folds its wings to about half their former

size, then turns its nose straight down, diving like an osprey going for a fish. Just before impact, it pulls up and releases a laser-guided bomb on your head. You've just become a red stain on a rock, and donut boy goes back to browsing *Maxim*.

EXPLODING MINDS

The blimp-like eye in the sky is called ISIS (short for Integrated Sensor Is Structure). Neither it nor the hawk-drone is on the prowl just yet, but they're among the more promising projects currently coming out of the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA. In March the agency made headlines by sponsoring the Grand Challenge, a 142-mile road race between 14 different unmanned vehicles with a \$1 million purse. The idea, of course, is eventually to create a fully automated mechanized cavalry, capable of defeating the enemy without risk to American soldiers. In the end, none of the vehicles got more than about seven miles past the starting line in Barstow, California, but the race drew big weekend crowds and national TV coverage. What few realized, however, was that

{ SCIGEST }



Scientists in Israel recently developed a computer made of DNA that is capable of solving real math problems.



POWER PLAYS

GLOWING BUBBLES

A world fueled by glorified beer foam? Bottoms up!

Evidence is mounting that researchers at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee have created fusion in a novel way: by filling a jar with an acetone in which hydrogen atoms were replaced with deuterium, bombarding it with neutrons to create tiny bubbles, then stretching and imploding them. Or, as Rusi Taleyarkhan, Ph.D., lead "sonofusion" researcher at Oak Ridge, puts it, "We created tiny stars." No word on when the party will stop for Saudi sheiks.

Four out of five
kids hate geeks

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JAMES STEWART
OAKLEY EYEWEAR



BIOTECH

SICK BIRDS SAVE LIVES!

Scientists are developing a lethal virus that just might save your ass...so they say.

It happens every few years: Some mad scientist tinkers with a deadly virus and destroys humanity—at least in Hollywood. So when the World Health Organization recently announced that, to develop a vaccine, it would engineer a deadly bird flu strain that could spread from human to human, the doomsday crowd—which we imagine includes smelly, braless hotties in Seattle—howled, “They’re playing God! Stop them!”

Well, don’t believe the hype. Sooner or later, there’s a fair chance that the deadly avian influenza could mutate and become transmittable between humans anyway. Given that humans have almost no natural immunity to the virus, it could be a death trip unrivaled since the Black Plague. Researchers are simply hoping to get a head start on creating a vaccine. Imagine if that had been done before AIDS made the jump from monkeys to humans.

“At the moment, we don’t know if genes from avian viruses are compatible with genes from human influenza viruses,” says David Daigle at the National Center for Infectious Diseases. “We’ll use reverse genetics to determine the molecular properties of the virus, potential for transmissibility, and new approaches for prevention.”

And if the virus escapes from the lab? Steven Seagal will be called in immediately, scientists say.



The Cartwright brothers were clean freaks



DARPA's exoskeleton: a current prototype already makes a load of 70 lbs. feel like 5 lbs.

{SCIGEST}



In lab tests the drug Orlistat, designed to help fat bastards, halted certain tumors in lab mice.

earlier that week, even wilder high-tech projects and killing machines were on display in Anaheim, California, where DARPA held its annual conference, a block from Disneyland.

It’s not such an absurd juxtaposition. There is a definite layer of fantasy to what DARPA does. Created in 1958, in the days following the Soviets’ launch of Sputnik, DARPA’s always been about high-risk, high-return experimentation, about bringing together the best and the brightest and saying, “This sounds impossible...but what if?” It just so happens that the “what if” often involves creating impersonal, Terminator-like machines.

Among the more exotic projects on display at the Marriott Hotel that weekend: tiny robots programmed to swarm like killer bees, miniature fuel cells powered by an ant pheromone, satellites powered by water rockets, and a handheld language-busting computer not unlike *Star Trek*’s universal translator.

The coolest exhibit by far was an “exoskeleton” that can turn a soldier into a modern-day Hercules. The contraption consists of two mechanical leg braces, a power unit, and a backpacklike frame. More than 40 sensors and hydraulic mechanisms mimic the human nervous system, functioning like muscle. If perfected, the device could eventually allow supersoldiers—and later, civilians—to heft giant loads.

Few of the projects had gone much further than the drawing board, but there was a palpable air of almost whimsical fun on the convention floor. Raytheon vice presidents in finely tailored silk suits stood by exhibits, talking robotics with geeks from Carnegie Mellon with Leatherman tools and Velcro-sheathed flashlights strapped to their blue jeans. Squared-away colonels in immaculately pressed greens discussed missile kill radius with middle-aged suburban garage inventors. At one end of the conference hall, Srikanth Saripalli, a 25-year-old graduate student at USC, was showing off a miniature remote-controlled helicopter that can drop tiny sensors in enemy territory to monitor troop movements. “We are trying to learn how to fly through urban canyons,” he was explaining when a three-foot-long robot tank appeared out of nowhere and, with a horrific grinding noise, ran over his extension cord. “Sorry, sorry!” shouted a pale, nervous-looking man with a remote control in his hand.

HARRY POTTER MEETS JOHN RAMBO

DARPA’s failure rate is said to hover at about 85 to 90 percent, raising the question of whether it’s all just a giant subsidy for nerds. But the possibility of failure—indeed the ▶

SEX & DRUGS

SHE SO HORNY!

Will women be getting a little pink pill anytime soon?



Given the vast forest of wood that Viagra has planted, it’s no wonder Pfizer has had a hard-on to see if the little blue pill can also create wetlands when it comes to the ladies. Since 1996 the company has been feeding Viagra to thousands of women to determine if increased vaginal blood flow translates into heightened sexual arousal. And what did the multimillion-dollar research project recently conclude? What all horny men already know: The quickest route to a woman’s panties is through wordplay. “It appears

women are less physically and more cerebrally based in their initial sexual arousal,” says Pfizer spokesman Daniel Watts. “For men it’s pretty simple: If blood flows to the genitals, then—boom—it works. For women the process appears to be more complex.” But hope remains. Pfizer will continue the noble quest for the one true Spanish fly. “We are currently pursuing another potentially promising compound,” says Watts, who ignored *Maxim*’s suggestion of a capsule containing pulverized MasterCards in a vodka-cranberry solution.



Syphon Filter
THE OMEGA STRAIN



▲ PLACE HAND HERE ▲



YOU HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS THE AGENT WE ARE LOOKING FOR.

REPORT TO: GABE LOGAN, I.P.C.A. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

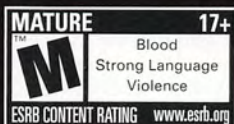
OBJECTIVE: STOP OMEGA STRAIN VIRUS AND THE TERRORISTS WHO CONTROL IT.

ARSENAL: 100+ HIGHLY LETHAL WEAPONS INCLUDING: SILENCED SUBMACHINE GUN, OSC-1 THERMAL SNIPER RIFLE, CH-9 MACHINE PISTOL, BLASTER GRENADE.

MISSION DIRECTIVES: ELIMINATE ALL ENEMY AGENTS AND PREVENT OUTBREAK OF DEADLY MUTATING VIRUS. ANY INFORMATION RECEIVED WILL BE HIGHLY CLASSIFIED AS YOU WILL BE ENGAGING LETHAL INTERNATIONAL ASSASSINS. SUCCESS OF THIS GLOBAL COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OPERATION IS CRUCIAL.

PRIORITY: URGENT.

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PLAY IN OURS.

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THE MAD SCIENTIST

open embrace of its probability—is part of what has allowed the agency to survive sublimely idiotic aborted projects (robotic elephant) and pursuits (telepathic spies). Failure and risk are built into DARPA's mandate, and that is oddly liberating. "We generally try and set milestones to evaluate the progress of a project at about 12 to 18 months," says Stephen Welby, deputy director of the Orwellian-sounding Information Exploitation Office. "Sometimes we discover it's a great idea but it's too hard. If it's not paying off, we can rapidly shift and look for alternatives."

When DARPA scores, it often scores big. This is the agency that created the Internet. Their technology enabled GPS for civilian use. They invented the stealth bomber and the computer mouse. "We have 160 technical folks out continually talking to people," Welby says. "They're talking to military folks, they're living with guys in the field, they're out at industrial labs, they're talking to guys in garages. They come up with nutty, far-out ideas and tell us how they're going to work. We give them the resources."

And thanks to the war, the mother of military invention, DARPA is currently enjoying more resources than it's ever had, with this year's budget reaching a record \$2.8 billion.

On the convention floor, it wasn't hard to find projects with potential applications in the Middle East. There were ideas for defensive systems that can counter individual RPG rounds, detect suicide bombers in a crowded area, and neutralize roadside bombs. But in both Afghanistan and Operation Iraqi Freedom, the revolution was in information technology—



The 82nd Airborne
Origami Division

{SCIGEST}



Base yearly salary for a NASA astronaut: \$50K. The NASA 2004 budget: a whopping \$15+ billion.

combining radar systems on ships, data from satellites, and imagery from drones into a 3-D view of the battlefield for commanders; now the challenge is bringing that same sensory capability to a single dismounted soldier. Bounding onto the exhibition stage this past March to synthesizer riffs, a portly, mustached man named Larry Corey laid out the basis for this lethal vision in Hollywood terms. "Think of Harry Potter," he said. "Harry and his friends are sneaking around on the grounds of the Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry. Harry discovers a magic map that shows the position and identity of everyone on the school grounds. Today Harry's map is fiction. But imagine if we could give it to our Special Operations forces and commandos."

Is such a map possible soon? Depends on

how much those little wizards can stomach. But imagine dropping 100 tiny sensors in Falluja with Saripalli's helicopter. Feed their data into a computer, then combine it with a night-vision feed from the goggles of a platoon of soldiers close to the same scene. Throw in the ISIS angle and, with proper software and a special helmet, commandos have a virtual, real-time representation of the battlefield. They can then sneak up on and blow the heads off enemy combatants like playing a video game... with minimal risk.

"I challenge you to help make this vision a reality," Corey exhorted the crowd.

Will this, and DARPA's other new death-dealing gizmos, become real? Who knows? We just know Harry Potter's Hogwarts Slaughter would make a great Disneyland ride. ☒

REALITY CHECK



"I ordered the sashimi, not the tsunami!"

THE END OF THE WORLD?

If Mother Nature got really bad PMS, could she destroy major cities in days?

In *The Day After Tomorrow*, greenhouse gases cause the melting of polar icecaps, disrupting the all-important North Atlantic Current and provoking global weather chaos within days. Looking for an excuse to throw an end-of-the-world party, we ask David Manuta, Ph.D., an expert in environmental sciences and chemistry, if the following scenarios from the film could really happen.

THE EAST COAST TURNS TUNDRA

It's possible, but it wouldn't happen in a day. "The North Atlantic Current moderates temperatures, ensuring winters don't get too cold, or summers too hot," Manuta says. "But a disruption in the current would mainly affect Northern Europe." Sounds like Denmark's problem.

TSUNAMIS STRIKE N.Y.C.

Mary-Kate and Ashley have no worries. "Such waves are caused by underwater earthquakes or volcanic eruptions," not climate changes, Manuta tells us. But if Kirstie Alley keeps up her eating habits and starts doing cannonballs, say scientists, anything's possible.

TORNADOES OBLITERATE LOS ANGELES

This cruel movie gets our hopes up, then Manuta sends them crashing faster than Billy Joel on a pizza run. "The weather systems that create tornadoes aren't usually found on the West Coast, and the North Atlantic Current wouldn't affect them if they were," he tells us. Of course, there's always the earthquake, but again, it's the Kirstie Alley factor. —Jane Dryer



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All the Entertainment You Need to Escape Reality

HOT ZONE



The man, the myth, the legend, the coffee achiever



MAXIM
MOVIE
OF THE
MONTH

> THIS JUST IN...

ANCHORMEN

We get the straight scoop from San Diego's very own Channel 4 News Team: Ron Burgundy, Champ Kind, Brick Tamland, and Brian Fantana.

OK, guys, say you're on location and the wind is fierce. How do you maintain your professional appearance?

Ron: There's no secret that the greatest weapon in a journalist's arsenal is none other than a 16-ounce can of hair spray. Hair spray has helped me in many a situation, whether it be maintaining one's signature hairstyle or fending off an attacker in a nasty bar fight.

Brian: Sometimes hair spray doesn't do the job and you need to switch to a strong lacquer or model glue.

Champ: I stay in the news van until it blows over. If it keeps up, I cut bait and head to my favorite restaurant—Charlie Lancer's. I have my own private booth in the back where I do my Friday roundup of local high school sports while enjoying a porterhouse steak and several bottles of wine.

Brick: I like to eat sandwiches.

Could the news media benefit from having a woman's perspective?

Champ: No. I'm all for women's lib if it means they don't wear a bra, but it should stop there.

Brian: My gut reaction is obviously no, but I suppose if there was a story on some sort of brand-new menstruation technology, then perhaps.

Brick: [chuckling nervously] Touché!

Ron: That's a great question... for an idiot. Women are only good for two things: baby-making and keeping quiet. The only woman's perspective I want is when she thinks dinner might be ready.

Say your house is on fire and you can save only two things: What do you take?

Ron: I take my 22-year-old scotch and my dog, Baxter. He's my best friend... and, no, I'm not lonely.

Champ: The painting above my fireplace—it's of Ron and me riding a Pegasus wearing only Roman breastplates and sandals. I would also grab a sharp knife, because if my house is on fire, I'm probably under attack.

Brian: My Chuck Mangione record collection and either my pet iguana, Randy, or my ankle weights—whichever's closer.

Brick: Oh, my God! What happened to my house?

What newsman do you admire most?

Brick: Who cares... my house is on fire!

Brian: Without question, Walter Cronkite. He proved you could cry on TV and not look like a girl.

Champ: Ron Burgundy. Ron is to news what Santa Claus is to children—the absolute truth.

Ron: Of course I admire the heavyweights: Cronkite, Rather, Jennings... *Waylon Jennings*. However, there's this one newsman, Glen Blendan, who can chug an entire beer

through his nose. That guy gets my vote every time.

What was the worst story you ever covered?

Ron: I don't know... but I know my worst blunder as a journalist. I mistakenly reported that the Vietnam War was over, a year premature. It was a good example of poor fact-checking. I'm not big on fact-checking.

Brick: I bet when my house burns down, that'll be a pretty bad story.

Brian: The station wanted to fly me to some summer camp or something. Camp... I forget what it was called... David? It sounded gay, so I blew it off.

Champ: The tennis match between Bobby Riggs and Billie Jean King. I'd been out on a three-day bender with Riggs, and I was sure he'd win. I didn't make it to the match, but I filed a remote report from the hotel bar. I declared him the winner.

Do you have any advice for aspiring journalists?

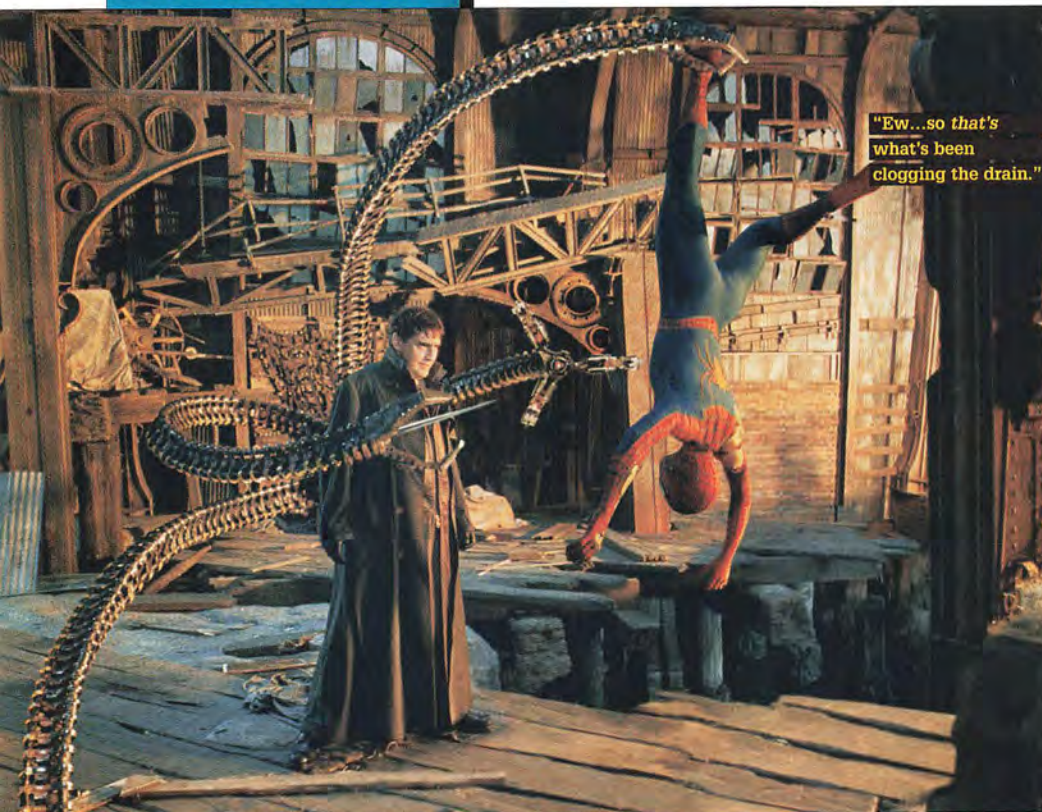
Brick: Don't let anyone burn down your house.

Champ: If someone questions your reporting, never respond to their question—it's better to attack their character.

Brian: Start smoking.

Ron: Stay out of the biz. We don't want you. ☒





> MAIN ATTRACTION

SPIDER-MAN 2

The web-head returns in a high Ock-tane thrill ride.

Out: June 30 **Director:** Sam Raimi

Stars: Tobey Maguire, Kirsten Dunst, Alfred Molina, James Franco

The story: Things haven't gotten any rosier for Peter Parker (Maguire) since we last saw him (killing his best friend's dad-turned-psycho-killer, of course). Just as he's reconsidering his choice of costumed do-gooding over the love of dream girl Mary Jane (Dunst), a metal-tentacled monstrosity known as Dr. Octopus (Molina), or Doc Ock to the in-crowd, comes a-callin'. Dammit! Isn't that always the way?

The buzz: To top the dizzying success of the first movie, all Raimi really had to do was cut loose and amp up the action. Done and done.

We're guessing: ★★★★★



GET THIS!

> Doc Ock debuted in *Amazing Spider-Man* #3.



RATINGS:

T-1000

★★★★★

ROY BATTY

★★★★★

BISHOP

★★★★★

D.A.R.Y.L.

★★★★★

DICK CHENEY

★★★★★

> ALSO PLAYING



KING ARTHUR

Out: July 7 **Director:** Antoine Fuqua
Forget chivalry—this version of the Arthurian legend opts for grit, explosions, and Keira Knightley in war paint. Hear, hear!

We're guessing: ★★★★★



WHITE CHICKS

Out: June 23 **Director:** Keenen Ivory Wayans
Shawn and Marlon Wayans play FBI agents who go undercover as Paris Hilton—like white socialites. Only wearing less makeup.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

▼ MUST SEE



DONNIE DARKO: DIRECTOR'S CUT

Out: July **Director:** Richard Kelly
This strange cult flick from 2001 is getting a rerelease with new footage and pumped-up sound effects. "Frank" now 20 percent creepier!

We're guessing: ★★★★★



SLEEPOVER

Out: July 9 **Director:** Joe Nussbaum
High school girls compete in a scavenger hunt for dibs on the best table in the cafeteria. Makes that Olsen twins flick look like *Citizen Kane*.

We're guessing: ★★★★★

> DON'T MISS



Will mingles with *Men in White*

I, ROBOT

He, Will Smith. It, sci-fi action flick. We, watching.

Out: July 16 **Director:** Alex Proyas

Stars: Will Smith, Bridget Moynahan

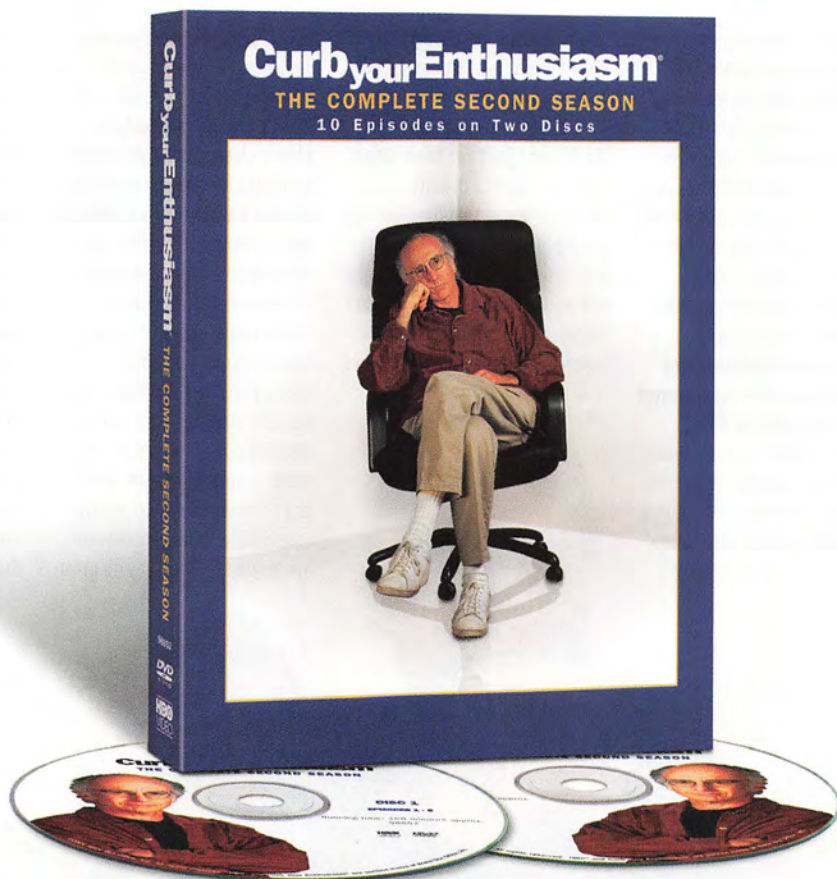
The story: In the future robots are as commonplace as microwave ovens, so it's understandable that if they turn out to harbor homicidal rage, it might pose a few problems. That's the dilemma facing "robophobic" cop Smith when a mechanical servant is accused of murder. He teams up with a hot robot expert (Moynahan) to solve the crime and—fingers crossed—get jiggy with it.

The buzz: Proyas is known for dark stuff (he also helmed *The Crow* and *Dark City*), and the story comes from legendary sci-fi author Isaac Asimov. If these elements jive with the fast-talking cop persona Big Willy perfected in the *Bad Boys* movies, we might have a cool futuristic thriller in the *Blade Runner* mode. Let's hope he avoids the "Martin Lawrence 3000."

We're guessing: ★★★★★

HORROR SHOW

> *The Notebook* (June 25) So sappy it might cause sterility.

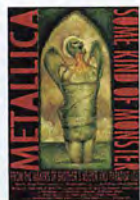


Warning: Contents under pressure.

> BAND ON THE COUCH

ST. ANGER MANAGEMENT

*Metallica get in touch with their feelings in the summer's most dysfunctional blockbuster, **Some Kind of Monster**.*



Some Kind of Monster is out everywhere this month

In 2001 Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky were enlisted to film recording sessions for Metallica's ninth studio album, *St. Anger*. Instead, they filmed group therapy sessions as the band nearly imploded. Three years and 1,600 hours of footage later, drummer Lars Ulrich and guitarist Kirk Hammett air their dirty laundry in America's googleplexes.

How do you think this will stack up against big summer movies like *Spider-Man*?

Lars: It'll make for a great double feature! But you gotta remember, this isn't something we set out to do. These guys just happened to catch the band at a particularly

awkward time. We thought the movie might tour art houses, but the reception's been so great, now we have a theatrical release.

So it's not just for fans, then.

Lars: No, there's a definite dramatic thread that runs through it. I did an interview with a writer from *Psychology Today*, a 60-year-old woman in Brooklyn. She didn't know anything about Metallica before seeing the film, and when I

called her up she was spending her afternoon listening to *Ride the Lightning*. I think that says it all.

Aren't you guys worried about alienating fans who'd rather see you rock out than discuss each other's feelings?

Lars: I can't pull a tea bag out of hot water without polarizing 25 Metallica fans. A film like this couldn't have existed 25 years ago, when rock was about mystery and mythification. Today, because of the Internet and celebrity gossip, people know so much more about bands. This is just a natural extension of that accessibility. Read 20 reviews of this movie—19 will say it's great,

and one will say, "Look at the rich fuckheads with their \$40,000-a-month therapist and \$5 million art auctions."

Kirk: My hope is that the movie will help people, or even other bands, who might be having problems. That justifies anything I'm personally uncomfortable about having on-screen.

Since it's a big summer movie, we've got to ask: Any chance we'll see *Some Kind of Monster 2*?

Kirk: Put it this way—we've played with a symphony, we've made a fucking movie. The next thing is obvious: We're doing Broadway!—Steve Kandell



"Hey, you! Did you pay for this magazine?"

> ENTER SOUND MAN



1. Live under very bright lights 2. Berlinger, Sinofsky, and hangers-on 3. The Cowardly Lion rocks a solo 4. Grabby, grabby fans

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a million laughs!

HOT ZONE

MAXIM
DVD
OF THE
MONTH



> MUST OWN

30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION **BLAZING SADDLES**



Release date: **June 29**

Excuse us while we whip this out: Mel Brooks' finest moment isn't a Broadway musical; it's this manic 1974 western spoof that taught the world the unadulterated joy of eating beans around a campfire.

Starring Gene Wilder as the Waco Kid, a legendary gunslinger gone to seed, and Cleavon Little as Bart, who becomes sheriff of Rock Ridge despite being—*gasp!*—black, this gloriously un-PC masterpiece epitomizes the lowbrow, gag-a-minute genre satire equaled only by *Airplane!* and... well, that's it. Even funnier than *Dances With Wolves!*

Extra! The few deleted scenes don't add up to much as far as hidden gems, but Brooks' commentary track, a short documentary on the late Madeline Kahn, and a failed TV pilot starring Louis Gossett Jr. called *Black Bart* offer plenty of incentive for you to add this to your shelves. Not that you should need any.

Movie: ★★★★★

Extras: ★★★★★





Ho, ho, ho and a bottle of rum

> WORTH WATCHING

BAD SANTA

Release date: **June 22**

Just because the temperature's hitting triple digits doesn't mean you can't hate Christmas. Billy Bob Thornton puts his strung-out hillbilly routine to perfect use as Willie, an alcoholic department store thief masquerading as an alcoholic department store Santa. But pint-size Tony Cox steals the show as Willie's potty-mouthed sidekick, as does Lauren Graham, whose rapid-fire "Fuck me, Santa!" moans while getting her stocking stuffed make us consider watching *Gilmore Girls*. **Extra!** The DVD includes a tribute to John Ritter, who made his final film appearance as the flustered store manager.

Movie: ★★★★★

Extras: ★★★★★



> ALSO OUT



THE A-TEAM: SEASON ONE

(June 8)

We pity the fool who thinks his DVD collection is complete without this four-disc set. Enjoy the adventures of these Vietnam-vet dogooders before they become some big-budget movie with, like, Owen Wilson as B.A. Baracus or some such ridiculous shit like that.

★★★★★



COLD MOUNTAIN

(June 29)

Though you really need the big screen to appreciate the sweeping, rustic vistas in this heart-breaking Civil War tale...oh, who the hell are we kidding? This thoroughly overrated Oscar blow job was boring in the theaters, and it's gonna be just as boring in your living room. Trust us.

★☆☆☆☆



THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

(July 6)

If you think Ashton Kutcher's funny on *That '70s Show*, you should see him try drama! This time-travel thriller gets tangled in its own plot lines, but the real thrill is watching Demi's boy-toy brood. Totally entertaining, but not for the reasons the filmmakers intended.

★★☆☆☆



GET THIS!

> The crime the A-Team didn't commit: stealing 100 million yen from the Bank of Hanoi.

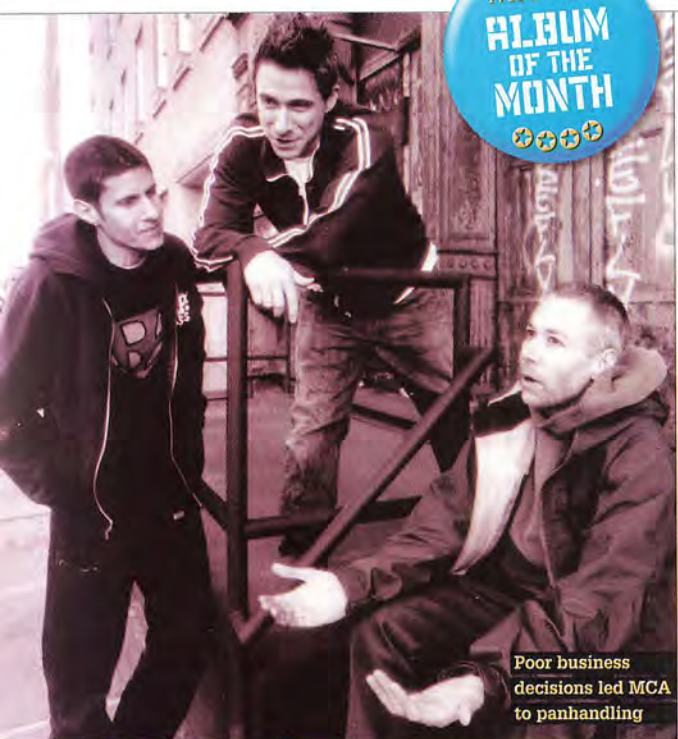
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THE TASTE THAT HEATS THINGS UP

MAXIM
ALBUM
OF THE
MONTH



Poor business decisions led MCA to panhandling

> ALBUM OF THE MONTH

BEASTIE BOYS

To the 5 Boroughs (Capitol Records)



Yes, they know what you're saying: The Beasties are too tired and too PC to make it in today's bling-bling rap world. They've heard you and would like to direct you to track #7 of their stunning new disc for a succinct response: "Hey, Fuck You." Trading the instrumental and punk jams of their '90s albums for more traditional *Paul's Boutique*-style sampling, the Beastie Men have produced an old-school, bass-heavy battle rap album that also serves as a love letter to post-9/11 N.Y.C. The opening rave-up "Ch-Check It Out" sets a blistering pace, but ham-fisted Bush bashings like "Time to Build" would suck the life out of the party if they didn't sound so good. Fast and inspired, this throwback album provides an emphatic rejoinder to all the doubters who think age has rendered New York's finest irrelevant. —Dan Catalano

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

LIKE THIS? TRY THESE



Kurtis Blow
History of Rap, Vol. 3: The Golden Age



Boogie Down Productions
Criminal Minded



GET THIS!
> The Beastie Boys claim Barney Miller was shot in their studio.

RATINGS:

THE STOOGES
★★★★★

THE GANG
★★★★★

THE PIPS
★★★★★

THE NEWS
★★★★★

THE MECHANICS
★★★★★

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE



THE ROOTS

Tipping Point

(Geffen Records)

Onstage, uestlove and crew are all about interaction and instrumentation, torpedoing the sample-heavy clichés of hip-hop. The studio's a different beast, though, and *this* is the band's most streamlined and accessible joint yet. The aggressive beats of "I Don't Care" and "Duck Down" may surprise some, but the album's sure to draw new fans to the Roots' mind-blowing live gigs. —D.C.

★★★★★



LIT

(Nitrus)

With pop-punk finding less space on the airwaves these days, an eager-to-please band like Lit has to cover its bets. For their fourth album, the Orange County quartet offer up balls-out garage rock, tepid post-grunge, and even a lighter-raising ballad. With this much shit thrown at the wall, something's gotta stick, particularly given all the catchy hooks thrown in for good measure.

—Roni Sarig

★★★★★



TRAGICALLY HIP

In Between

(Zoe/Rounder)

A Canuck national treasure, the Hip still fly below the U.S. radar. They don't write radio-friendly pop songs, and although their bluesy rock is tighter than ever, the songs take time to grow on you. But when they do, be forewarned: This is music that makes you want to drive all night across an endless wasteland of frozen plains (read: Canada).

—Charles Cox

★★★★★



BURNING BRIDES

Leave No Ashes

(V2)

Led by singer-guitarist Dimitri Coats and girlfriend-bassist Melanie Campbell, the Brides gussy up their scorching riffs with dainty harmonies to transform grim rockers like "Heart Full of Black" into power-pop gems. And the album's closer, the toe-tapping freak-fest "Vampire Waltz," is the most ghoulishly funny sing-along since "Monster Mash."

—Bill Crandall

★★★★★



SONIC YOUTH

Sonic Nurse

(Geffen Records)

Bassist-singer Kim Gordon's iconic, sexy coo is in top form on the downright sultry "I Love You Golden Blue," while hubby Thurston Moore shines on mini-epics like "Unmade Bed" and "New Hampshire." SY's patented verse-chaos-verse structure remains intact, but it's more stripped down and easier on the ears, like 2002's *Murray Street*. While Youth seem content to age gracefully, the band's harder-edged, dissonant spark is sometimes missed. —D.C.

★★★★★

ON THE MAXIM BOOMBOX

A.C. Newman The Slow Wonder (Matador, 2004)	Snow Patrol Final Straw (A&M, 2004)
Juliana Hatfield In Exile Deo (Zoe/Rounder, 2004)	Iron + Wine Our Endless Numbered Days (Sub Pop, 2004)

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JULIANA HATFIELD

MAXIM

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| 02. H.W.C. | LIZ PHAIR |
| 03. CORAL FANG | THE DISTILLERS |
| 04. DOPE NOSE | WEEZER |
| 05. INSIDE OF LOVE | NADA SURF |
| 06. US & THEM | UNBUSTED |
| 07. EDGE OF THE OCEAN | IVY |
| 08. SHAKE YER DIX | PEACHES |
| 09. HOUND DOG | THE ROLLING STONES |
| 10. VERTIGO | THE LIBERTINES |
| 11. ANA'S SONG | SILVERCHAIR |
| 12. DIRTY GOODBYES | VERBENA |



> PRIVATE MIX

JULIANA HATFIELD'S

BURN THIS!

The indie rock queen fights to bring back the guitar solo.



- "Sunset Strip"** Courtney Love
"I feel her pain. This song is so raw her voice sounds like a knife stabbing into flesh."
- "H.W.C."** Liz Phair
"This is a really graphic song about sex. It's all about, basically, semen, but she makes it sound like a sweet and tender thing."
- "Coral Fang"** The Distillers
"I like girls who sound like guys, and Brody Dalle sounds like a dude. Rock needs balls."
- "Dope Nose"** Weezer
"Rivers Cuomo isn't afraid to play an over-the-top old-school guitar solo. He appropriates the good elements of '80s metal without the cheesiness."
- "Inside of Love"** Nada Surf
"Great line: 'Making out with people I hardly know or like.' Who can't relate to that?"
- "Us & Them"** Unbusted
"They're this unsigned band from Martha's

- Vineyard. The writing is really good and the frontman, Joe Keefe, is a guitar hero."
- "Edge of the Ocean"** Ivy
"This is a really soothing song. It kind of feels like melted butter or a warm bath."
 - "Shake Yer Dix"** Peaches
"It's like a dirty nursery rhyme for adults, or a raunchier version of Kelis' 'Milkshake.' Man, I must sound like a pervert."
 - "Hound Dog"** The Rolling Stones
This is from a 1978 bootleg, and it's the punk-rockingest version of 'Hound Dog' ever."
 - "Vertigo"** The Libertines
"Just a cool, sloppy, loosey-goosey, cocky, late-night, don't-give-a-fuck song."
 - "Ana's Song"** Silverchair
"It's so hard to find anorexia songs that rock."
 - "Dirty Goodbyes"** Verbena
"I don't know why these guys aren't massive. This is mellow, not like their other songs."



GET THIS!

> There are over 2,500 recorded versions of the Beatles' "Yesterday."



You give leprosy a bad name

> POP QUIZ

HORRID ROCK

Which are metal bands, and which are merely hideous diseases?

1. Bon Jovi	BAND	DISEASE
2. Bloodgasm	BAND	DISEASE
3. Chronic Back Pain	BAND	DISEASE
4. Ciborium	BAND	DISEASE
5. Halitosis	BAND	DISEASE
6. Corpse vomit	BAND	DISEASE
7. Epididymitis	BAND	DISEASE
8. Vaginismus	BAND	DISEASE
9. Fleshgrind	BAND	DISEASE
10. Shingles	BAND	DISEASE
11. Anthrax	BAND	DISEASE
12. Epididymitis	BAND	DISEASE
13. Sepsism	BAND	DISEASE
14. Vulpecula	BAND	DISEASE
15. Irritable Bowels	BAND	DISEASE
16. Nun Slaughter	BAND	DISEASE
17. Leukorrhea	BAND	DISEASE
18. Visceral Bleeding	BAND	DISEASE
19. Diverticulitis	BAND	DISEASE
20. Napalm Death	BAND	DISEASE

Band names: 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 18, 20

MAXIM'S VIDEO OF THE MONTH



THE DARKNESS

"Growing on Me" (Atlantic)

Spaceships, dancing fairies, and allusions to genital warts? Is it any wonder the Darkness are saving rock'n'roll? Best shot: Lead screecher Justin Hawkins lip-syncs from a bathtub while his even-creepier band mates rock out.



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HOT ZONE > GAMES



Hey, sexy avatars
can be gassy, too

MAXIM
TOP
PLAY!

> GAME ON!

SUDEKI

Microsoft [●●●●●]

There's a hell mouth in the temple, and it's spewing evil demons all over the countryside—if only you had a nickel for every time that happened. Action fans might balk at what sounds like a standard role-playing game opening, but *Sudeki* soon bursts into the most intense, bone-crunching combat you'll find on any platform. Designed specifically to exploit Xbox's graphics potential, this is the best-looking game so far this season. But the real triumph here is the game's seamless blend of action and role-playing that will satisfy fans of both genres. Quit your job and get ready for some serious sofa time.—John Walsh

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



CHEATS!

■ Baldur's Gate: Dark Alliance II

[●●●●●]

While playing, hold L1 + R1 + Triangle + Square + Circle + X and press Start. This will unlock options for "Invulnerability" and "Level Warp."

> BLIPS ON THE SCREEN



SHELLSHOCK: NAM '67

Eidos [●●●●●]
In this addictive, atrocity-laden shoot-'em-up, you travel to the ass end of Southeast Asia, meet fascinating people, and scorch their villages—all without the hassle of crippling post-traumatic stress.

★★★★★



ASTRO BOY

Sega [●●●●●]
There's more to this game than mere kitsch: The flying controls are fast and intuitive, and the Metro City environment is great eye candy. But if you're uncomfortable around boyish figures in briefs, then stay away.

★★★★★



CATWOMAN

EA [●●●●●]
Claw your way through action scenarios as lightweight, uninspired, and ill-conceived as the summer movie that spawned this kitty litter. Even the purrty voice talents of Halle Berry can't offer any redeeming qualities.

★☆☆☆☆



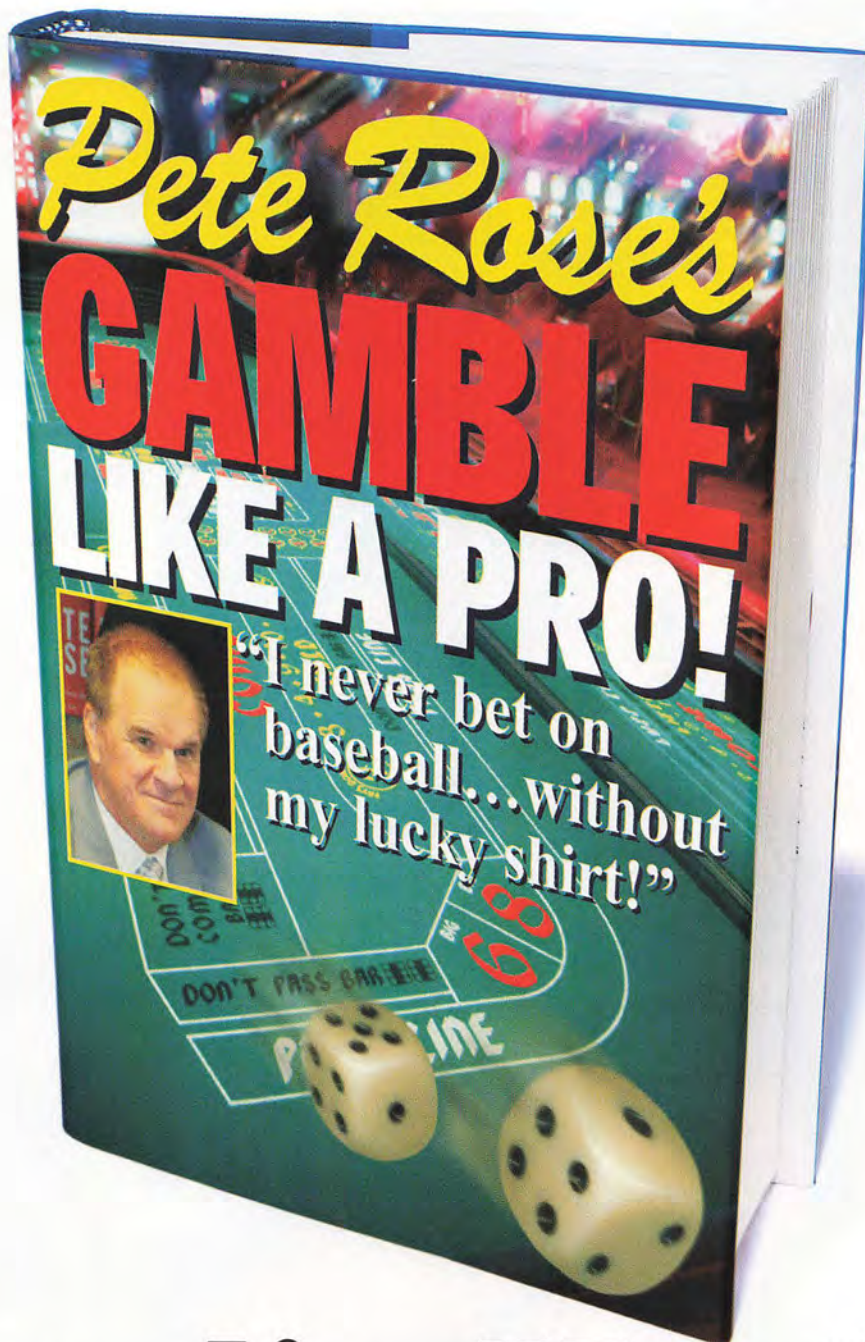
NCAA FOOTBALL 2005 EA [●●●●●]

Build a powerhouse out of one of hundreds of college teams. Got home-field advantage? Pump up the crowd or take the field as a wacky mascot. It may not be as fun as real college, but it's definitely a hell of a lot cheaper.

★★★★★

GAME KEY:

XBOX	●
PS2	●
GAMECUBE	●
PC	●



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—Filthy bum hawking four-dollar blow jobs at the OTB

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BALLS & NOBALLS
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> 'People are like, "Do you really play video games?" It freaks them out.'

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name:

Morgan Webb

Better known as:

The plucky cohost of TechTV's video game review show *X-Play* and the lust object of millions of drooling gamers.

Her story: If Cindy Margolis is still trying to claim the mantle "most downloaded woman on the Internet," we're gonna have to call for a recount. Morgan is every Net denizen's dream girl: gorgeous, intelligent, funny... *and a video game junkie.* "It freaks people out," laughs the Los Angeles native. "They're like, 'Do you really play video games? Really?'" Play she does. She admits to waiting outside a Best Buy so she could be among the first to get the special edition of *Unreal Tournament 2004*—any wonder the fan-boys go nuts? "One guy hacked into Madonna's Web site and asked to marry me. I guess that's pretty flattering."



HEAD GAME

> One site is dedicated to Morgan's hair.



THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See more Morgan Webb
photos at maximonline.com.

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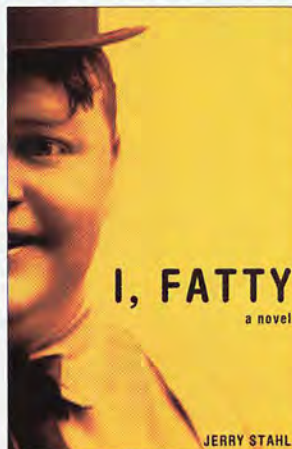
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> TOME RAIDERS



I, FATTY

By Jerry Stahl (Bloomsbury, \$24)

About 75 years before O.J. and M.J., there was Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, a zeppelin-size movie comic whose 1921 rape-murder charge set the standard for tawdry celebrity scandals. As told by Jerry Stahl, who's already proved his affinity for Hollywood sleaze in his junkie memoir, *Permanent Midnight*, this fictionalized autobiography traces Arbuckle's abusive childhood in the Dust Bowl to his rise through the vaudeville ranks and the Hollywood food chain, hitting all dysfunctional and humiliating spots in between. Though Stahl revels in Fatty's overindulgences and generally vile behavior, he also manages to make the ol' buffoon sympathetic—especially during the trial that ultimately found Arbuckle not guilty but still destroyed his career. Note to Horatio Sanz: Start begging for the movie role now. —Steve Kandell

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



THE COMA

By Alex Garland (Riverhead, \$20)

When we last heard from Garland, his screenplay for *28 Days Later* brought the zombie movie back from the undead. His third novel is a horror story of a much different kind. A workaholic Brit named Carl gets jumped by street toughs and slips into a coma, then wanders around aimlessly, unsure whether he's emerged from his beauty sleep or is merely suffering horrendous hallucinations. Less ambitious than his previous books, *The Beach* and *The Tesseract*, this is a brisk and consistently creepy read, unsettling enough to keep you awake at night. —S.K.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★



GIVE OUR REGARDS TO THE ATOMSMASHERS!

Edited by Sean Howe (Pantheon, \$25)

If you've spent many a Saturday night at home with a dog-eared, underlined copy of *X-Men* #23, you're not alone. Actually, you're probably very much alone, but as this entertaining collection of big-brain essays about comics suggests, there are others like you. Others such as hot-shit contemporary authors Jonathan Lethem, Aimee Bender, and Glen David Gold, just three of the 17 scribes who chime in on Jack Kirby, *Yummy Fur*, and other arcane facets of comic book geekdom. Buy a copy for your girlfr... oh, right. Sorry. —S.K.

Maxim rating: ★★★★★

> THE FINE PRINT

DRESS YOUR FAMILY IN CORDUROY AND DENIM

By David Sedaris (Little, Brown and Company, \$25)
These new comic essays find Sedaris on familiar terrain: growing up in North Carolina among quirky, annoying family members; and living in Paris among quirky, annoying French people.

★★★★★

BAD GRASS NEVER DIES

By Chuck Barris (Carroll & Graf, \$14)
Confessions of a Dangerous Mind, infamous *Gong Show* creator Chuck Barris' pseudo-memoir about his secret life as a CIA assassin, was just strange enough to work. This clunkily written sequel makes the concept seem even less plausible. *Gong*.

★★★★★

GASPING FOR AIRTIME

By Jay Mohr (Hyperion, \$24)
Mohr spent 1993 to 1995 working on *SNL* yet hardly got any sketches onto the air. Dishing on the guest hosts has its juicy moments (Sally Field—what a bitch!), but there isn't much to say about not contributing to a show, even a legendary one.

★★★★★

SOCK

By Penn Jillette (St. Martin's, \$13)
From the verbal half of the twisted magician duo Penn & Teller comes perhaps the finest buddy cop novel ever to be narrated by... a sock monkey. Though he's more famous for torturing his mute, diminutive sidekick, Jillette shows a flair for sharp prose and unusual storytelling.

★★★★★



GET THIS!

> Sedaris' sister, Amy, is the sicko behind *Strangers With Candy*.

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NELLY

He made facial lacerations fashionable and successfully persuaded thousands of women to take off all their clothes. But is the party guy with street cred cleaning up his act? Don't bet on it.

FAST QUOTES



RIDE

"My '82 Cutlass Supreme. I had it before I even had a record deal, and I still have it. The thing is, it's just mean like that."



CARDINAL

"I played a lot of baseball as a kid, and I was a shortstop. So it's Ozzie Smith. He's the number one guy, of course."



CLEAVAGE

"Breasts or butt? I'm a butt man, but whichever cleavage a female is comfortable representing, I'm fine with."

Do you ever have trouble fitting all the groupies into your dressing room?

The tour is what it is, know what I'm saying? We get plenty of female fans coming around. There must be tons of security. How do they get past?

We've been at it for five years, and anything you can possibly name, they've tried it. I'm sure they put together a plan before they even get to the show. You got to map it out because you have to get past, like, three sets of security. Then you gotta make it back.

Find any methods particularly pleasing? I've seen my picture tattooed on a thigh. And one girl had a full-body Nelly portrait painted on her. It was amazing—she was standing up with just Nelly on her.

In your video for "Tip Drill," someone swipes a credit card down a woman's ass. That was totally awesome.

[laughs] Yeah, yeah, that's the video, you know. All the women in it were professional dancers, so they really didn't have a problem with what was going on.

Have you been told to stop contributing to the delinquency of our nation's youth with your craven sexual images?

They've pushed everyone to tone stuff down, not just me. But that whole Janet thing was blown way out of proportion. She's a sweet person, and if she would've known the true repercussions, I don't think she would have done what happened.

So you don't think it was a mal— If she said it was a malfunction, then I believe her! It's funny, because it's not like that was the first time I'd seen a breast on TV. Plus, when I was overseas, I could turn on just about any television channel in Europe and see full nudity. And their crime rate is a lot lower than ours. So go figure.

Speaking of crime, rap had its East Coast vs. West Coast rivalry. You're from the Midwest—do you just hate everybody? Nah. You got 50 Cent from the East working with Dre, who's from the West, and Eminem from the Midwest working with 50 and Dre. You got people like me working with people from the South and people from the East. So

if something's going on, it's personal and not cultural. Hip-hop has grown past that.

Do you think Jay-Z is really through?

I don't know. There's no telling with him. He's real intelligent, and the best thing about thinkers is you don't know what they're thinking. The more and more deep I get into it, the more I feel where Jay was coming from, that he's just like, "I'm going to go while the going is good." Because you see so much turn bad for people that they're kind of forced out of it. So you want to leave on your own terms. But for right now, I'm only on my third album.

Well, we just heard the Celine Dion remix of "Hot in Herre," so we're ready for new stuff.

Yeah, the album's looking like a double CD. I just got started with ideas for so many songs. So I decided to put them all out. Right now I'll try pretty much anything... musically, that is. **You had \$1 million in jewelry stolen out of a Vegas hotel room. Heck, we've all been there, but how'd you react?**

I was, like, "Yo, I'm missing something." As a kid, my house was broken into many times, but this was the first time it happened somewhere I was staying. It's not a great feeling. They never found it, but you do certain things so that if these things happen you get some type of compensation.

Is Jacob the Jeweler your, er, jeweler?

Nah, I go to Chris Aire, the Iceman. Jacob is cool, but he knows he's Jacob, so you're paying a few thousand more for the name. I still want to get the best for my money.

How'd you decide to name your women's clothing line Apple Bottoms?

I don't know, man. I like shapely women. That's what the clothing line is focused on: The jeans should fit the woman, not the woman fitting the jeans. We're actually about to do another model search. It kind of took off the first time—there were even fake model searches. The imitators just knew they'd get the girls out. I was upset; a lot of the girls take it real seriously.

You got kicked out of a few schools for fighting. Is there a fight you wish you could have back?

Oh, man, I've always remembered it. I was in third grade, and this girl in fifth grade hit me in my nose 'cause I beat up her little brother in the coatroom. She was waiting on me at lunch—and she was a big girl, too. I didn't think she was gonna swing, but she did, and my shit started bleeding. I went back to class and beat up on her brother some more.

So if your crew the St. Lunatics, 50 Cent's crew G Unit, and Eminem's crew D12 had a rumble, who'd win?

What kind of question is that—you trying to get something started? I know we'd hold our end down, and that's all I got to say.

Moving on... Your party sucks. What song do you play to get everyone going?

Right now, if I played Usher's "Yeah!" everything would pretty much get cracking. Or "I Get Around" by Tupac wouldn't hurt. But if there are a lot of girls, the mood is right, and the lights are dim, I may wanna slow it up.

Who do you want to win the election?

I think Kerry is pretty much getting through to people. People I know, we like his style. He reminds us of Clinton in a way, and he has the same attitude of a lot of Americans. That's what the youth is feeling today; we still wanna feel safe in our own country, but we also wanna maintain the civil rights that we have and be able to be free.

You acted in one small film, but when's your major motion picture debut?

I'm getting movie offers almost every other day, but you need, like, three or four weeks consecutively to do movies, and it's hard to take that time off from the music and Derrty Entertainment, my record label. I'm not Denzel—I'm taking a crash course in acting.

Rapping, acting, producing, fashion—take up jogging and you'll be P. Diddy.

I have nothing but the utmost respect for the things he's done—being not just an entrepreneur, but a black entrepreneur. It's an inspiration to brothers like myself. And if I can get his money, then people can compare me to him all they want.

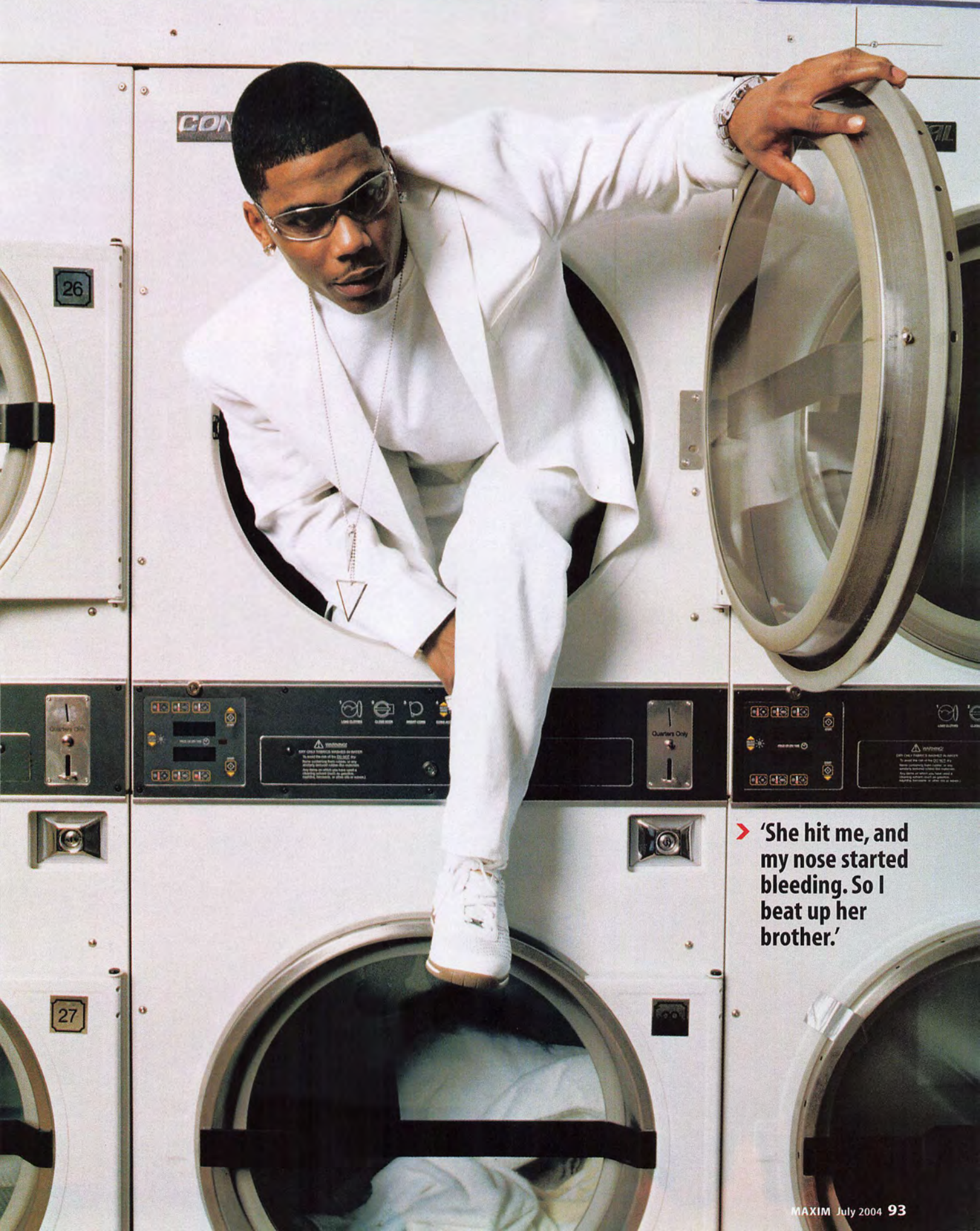


Interview by Ky Henderson.
Look for Nelly's new album
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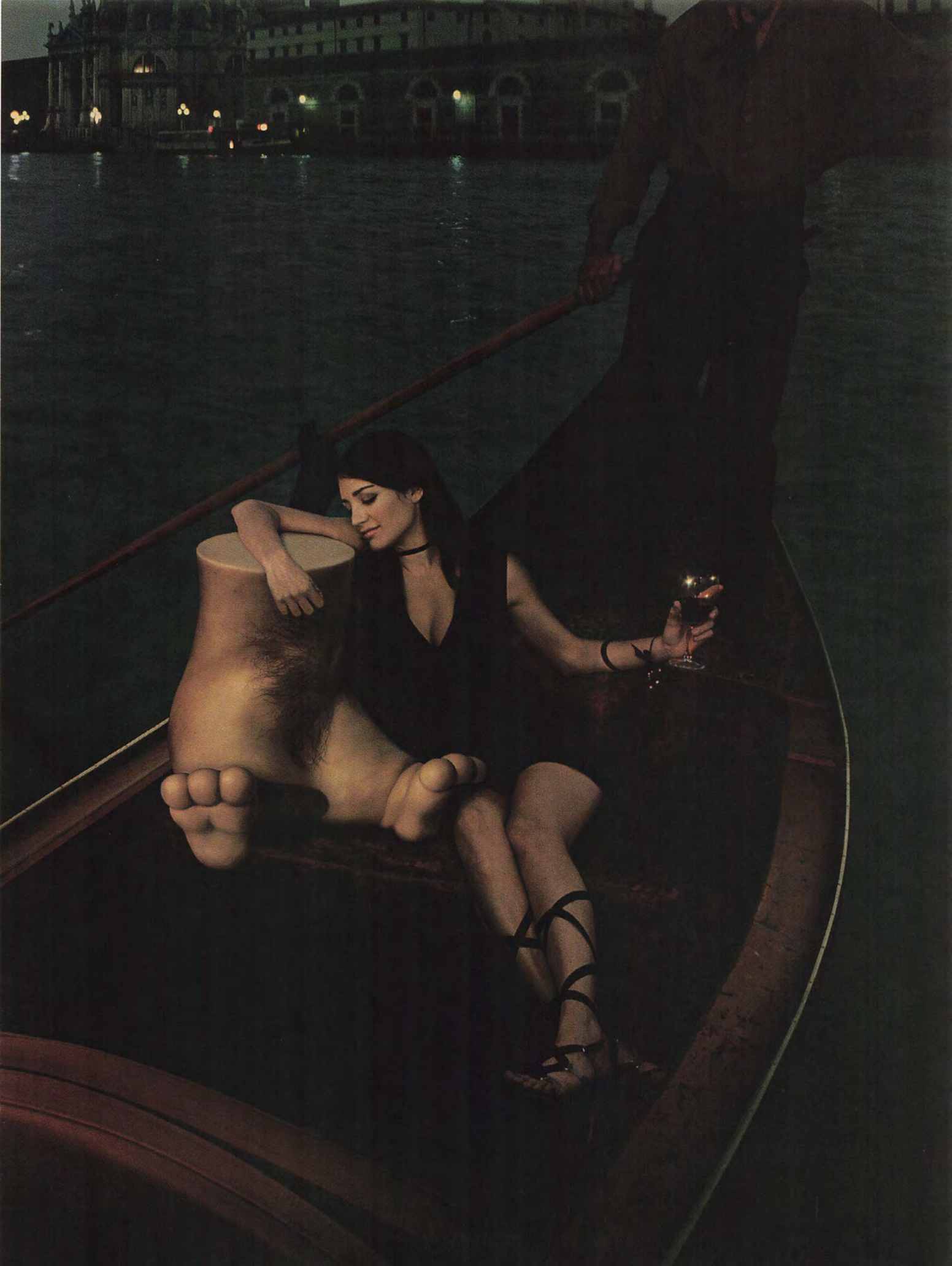


> 'She hit me, and my nose started bleeding. So I beat up her brother.'



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Model-actress Kim Smith prowls on the dark side in this month's catfight-fest *Catwoman*—which leaves us asking: Halle who?



MEOW MISS

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAOMI KALTMAN

KIM SMITH



KIM SMITH



A woman with long, dark, wavy hair is lying on her side on a white bed. She is wearing a white lace bikini top and bottom. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her right hand is resting on her head, and her left hand is resting on her thigh. The bed has white pillows and a white sheet. In the bottom right corner, there is a graphic of a torn red surface.

I would
love to be a
Bond girl!
There, I
said it! It
would be so
much fun!



We don't need America's Next Top Model or, um, Naomi Campbell to remind us that the business of beauty often has an ugly underbelly. In this summer's superheroine flick *Catwoman*, Halle Berry dons skintight leather to battle an evil cosmetics corporation bent on, we can only assume, world beautification. Whatever their intent, they have successfully distracted us by using the devastatingly sexy image of three-time *Maxim* cover girl Kim Smith as their public face. A purr-fect ruse, indeed—one look at this raven-haired goddess and we're ready to submit to anything. Evil has never looked so good.

We can't imagine a fresh-faced beauty like you could possibly be working for the bad guys. Please tell us that you're just an innocent pawn.

Well... Sharon Stone and Lambert Wilson play owners of this cosmetics company, and Sharon's been the face of the company for, like, 20 years. They decide they need a new girl, and they pick my character, Drina. I end up having a fling with Lambert's character.

Ah! So she's not so sweet and innocent. Since Lambert played the Merovingian, was he able to explain *The Matrix* sequels to you? We're still lost.

We talked about it because he's really into action movies. Most of my scenes were with him, so there was a lot of time to chitchat. But he made me feel really comfortable. He was great.

Have you had any run-ins with evil cosmetics companies?

Real run-ins? No, not yet. I don't even think there's a product that's made me break out.

Yet. So what's the most evil thing you've ever done?

I'm honestly such a wuss. I remember all these neighborhood girls, when I was younger, would go to 7-Eleven and they'd steal gum, and I'd go home and cry because I felt so bad—and I didn't even steal anything! I have a guilty conscience about things.

Does the whole "model turned actress" cliché make you feel pressured as you make the transition?

Not really. Nowadays I think it's become more acceptable—one girl can do everything: singing, movies, modeling... I feel fortunate to be able to do both acting and modeling, and be accepted.



CATS!

Most just smell up the house, but these felines actually make life better.



CATWOMAN

The leather suit, the contented purring, the claws—no matter what actress is behind the mask, we can't get enough of this naughty pussy.



TOM

The original Scratchy, Tom was unsuccessful in all his endeavors—and usually got mauled in the process. We're with you, buddy.

Do you have a dream role?

I'd love to be a Bond girl! There, I said it! That would be so much fun.

What would your Bond girl name be?

I don't know. I'd probably have to have *Maxim* do a poll or something.

You don't want that. Unless you want your Bond name to be Ivana DateJoeSmithFromPeoria.

Yeah... maybe I shouldn't do that. But I'd also like to do a comedy, like a movie with the Farrelly brothers or something like that. I'm not going to put myself into any category... I'm just going to keep reading scripts and see what I like.

What about switching sides and being a superhero?

I'd love to play Wonder Woman! I was obsessed with her growing up. There's supposed to be a Wonder Woman movie coming out, so my manager and I were asking ourselves a bunch of "what if" questions. She's a confident woman—she's confident, and she gets stuff done.

And she gets it done wearing hot pants and go-go boots, bless her. Do people recognize you when you go out?

Sometimes, yeah. A lot of people recognize me from *Maxim*, actually. I'm not all dolled up when I go out, but people still come up and ask me to sign things. Usually everyone's real nice.

What about guys? Do they hit on you constantly?

I'm pretty approachable, so guys will come up and talk. But in high school the boys were like, "Whoa! I see her in the hall, and I can't even look at her." But now it's fine—guys are more laid-back and mature.

Really? Who are these mysteriously mature guys?

Well... actually, I can't stand it when guys drive by and honk their horns and go, "Woo-hoo!" from their cars. Do guys really think we're going to turn around and be like, "Hi, honey!" Do they think that works? It's the biggest turnoff ever.

You did start modeling pretty young. Did you miss out on typical high school stuff?

I started when I was 15 or 16, and it was difficult to date and have guy friends. In fact, it was tough to have girl friends, too. There was a lot of jealousy. I'm from a small town, so there's just a different mentality. Most of them have never been out of Texas, and during high school I was going from L.A. to New York to Europe. One day I'd be sitting in ►

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Life's Good

class, and the next day I'd be in the Bahamas. It was definitely a culture shock. But I did get to my prom...

Were you the only girl at the prom with a professional hair and makeup team?

[laughs] No, I did my own makeup. But I didn't want to miss out on my prom, because I'm a sentimental person. That's something you just can't miss out on.

Staying with our cat theme—how catty is the modeling world?

I remember this one girl just being awful and rude to everybody. I forget where she was from—not America—but she was so snotty, just criticizing everyone and making everyone feel awful and uncomfortable. "It's hot in here... I don't like this eye makeup..." Then she started saying she didn't want to work, that she felt sick or something. That moment always sticks in my mind. I don't care how awful I'm feeling—if I have to work, I get up and do it. The people working on these shoots have families and a life, too. They're not working for me, I'm working for them. That's always been my attitude about things.

Do people like her give the business a bad name?

Yeah, for sure. There are a lot of girls who would die to be in their position, and they don't appreciate it.

You did a music video for Aerosmith once—did anyone ever mention that you bear a striking resemblance to Liv Tyler?

Yeah, the producer of the video was joking about that: "Looks like we have another Tyler on the set." And then I met Steven and he was just—I mean, he has every excuse to be a jerk, and yet he's the sweetest guy. I respect him and appreciate him even more now. Working with them was such a blast.

Well, Kim, congratulations on your third *Maxim* cover. You're now in an exclusive club.

Third time's the charm! I love working with you guys. I can't say enough about it. It's always such a wonderful experience. And a third time—wow! I'm just blown away. I'm very flattered, honestly.

So why are we blushing? ☒

CATS!



KATARINA WITT

The German sex kitten made figure skating watchable when she won gold in the '88 Olympics, then fulfilled our fantasies by posing nude 10 years later.



MONTECORE

Sexualizing cats is rarely cool, so we salute Monte for ending the perverse reign of Siegfried & Roy by taking out the swishy one.



HOW TO

HOUSE-TRAIN YOUR CAT

'Cuz, remember, the only one with a right to pee on your rug is you.



1. LET NATURE TAKES ITS COURSE

Cats may be minions of the devil, but they're *clean* minions. "Cats generally know what to do when they see a litter box," says Nancy Peterson, an optimistic veterinary technician with the Humane Society of the United States. In theory, if you place the cat in the litter box when you bring it home, it'll get the picture.



2. CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO CATLINESS

Like the insane women who love them, cats insist on a clean place to shit. If you don't clean the litter box, it'll migrate toward a tidier toilet space—say, your shoes. Other reasons it may refuse to go: The box has a cover; there's a plastic liner; something nearby makes scary noises while it's trying to focus (like your indoor bowling alley or girlfriend).



3. THE JON ARBUCKLE APPROACH

If you've bent to your furball's every whim and your room still reeks of pussy, take it to a vet. "The animal may have a urinary tract infection or a bladder stone, which quickly can become a medical emergency," says Peterson. The doc can take care of it, unless the problem is that your cat actually *does* hate you. In that case, improve your personality.

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KIM SMITH

I have a
guilty
conscience
about
things.
I'm such
a wuss!



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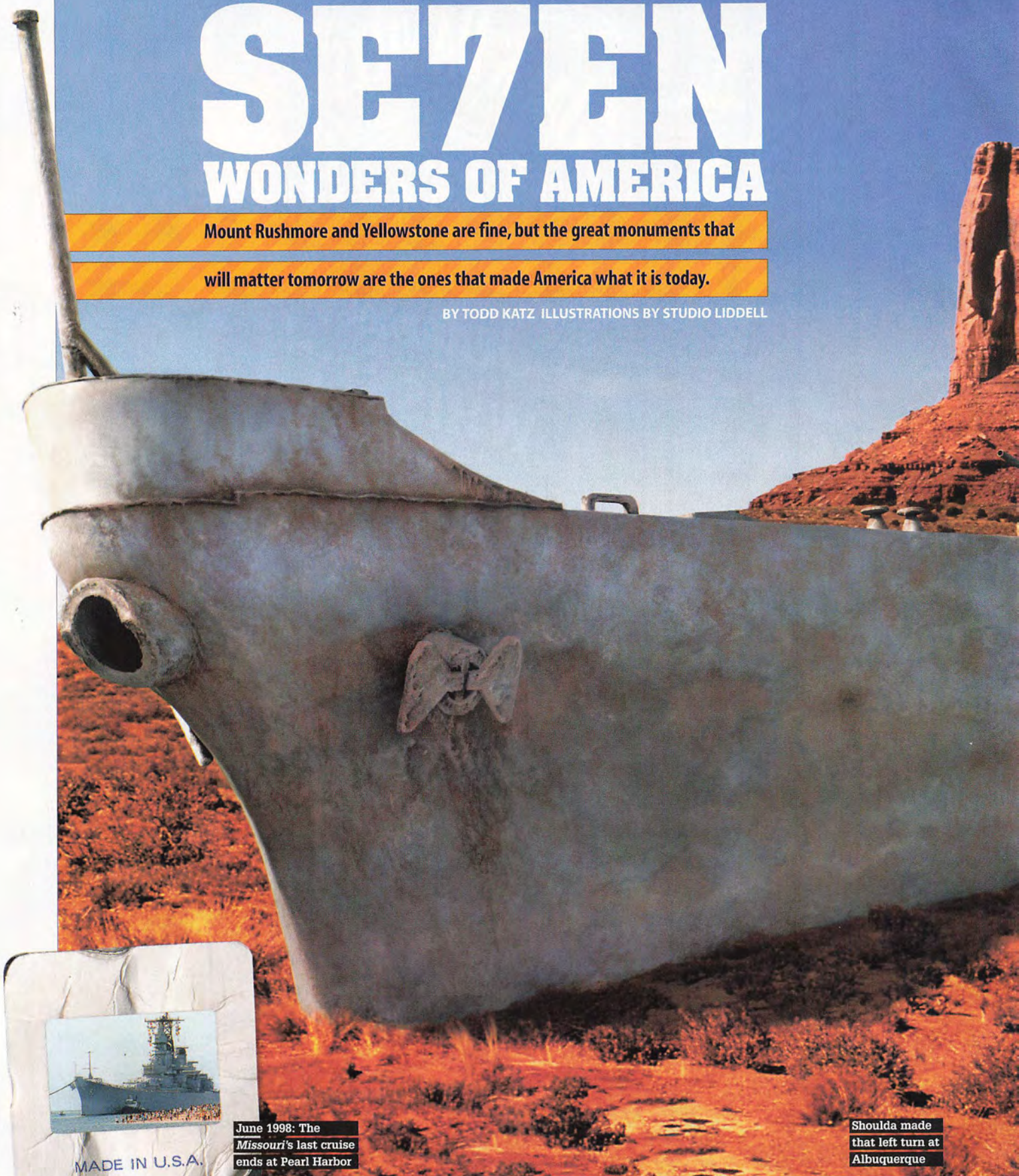
SEVEN

WONDERS OF AMERICA

Mount Rushmore and Yellowstone are fine, but the great monuments that

will matter tomorrow are the ones that made America what it is today.

BY TODD KATZ ILLUSTRATIONS BY STUDIO LIDDELL



MADE IN U.S.A.

June 1998: The
Missouri's last cruise
ends at Pearl Harbor

Shoulda made
that left turn at
Albuquerque



1. THE MIGHTY MO

Long after global warming runs America's mightiest warship aground, she'll still be menacing the seas of time.

For a good chunk of the 20th century, when the United States wanted to send a message to its foes, it often came in the form of the USS *Missouri*, a low-riding shark of a battleship that dished out cannon-barrel diplomacy. "She was simply the biggest and the best," says Murray Yudelowitz, a gunner who served aboard during WWII. "That's why Admiral Halsey made her his flagship." Commissioned in 1944, the *Iowa*-class battleship's mission was to protect the Pacific carrier fleet at all costs. At 45,000 tons and stretching 887 feet, she was a hulking bodyguard who packed heavy. Mounted topside at the height

of her strength: nine 16-inch/50 caliber guns capable of lobbing 2,700-pound shells 23 miles in 50 seconds. During WWII, her gunners splashed swarming Japanese zeros, using a technique Yudelowitz describes the way only a sailor can: "When we'd spot dem Jap buckteeth, we'd let 'em have it." On September 2, 1945, the *Missouri* steamed into Tokyo Bay and General Douglas MacArthur accepted the Japanese surrender on her teak deck. *Mo* went on to unleash hell in Korea, then was decommissioned in 1955. But America's enemies hadn't seen the last of her. In the '80s, she was refitted with 32 tom-

ahawk missiles, 16 harpoon missiles, and four 20 mm Phalanx Gatling guns. On January 16, 1991, she launched the Gulf War's first salvo: 28 tomahawks. She now proudly moors next to the USS *Arizona* Memorial—a reminder that waking a sleeping giant is a bad idea.

What the ghosts know: A kamikaze attacked the *Missouri* off Okinawa in 1945. "The pilot landed in pieces all over the deck," says Yudelowitz. "So we bagged him up and buried him at sea with a 21-gun salute. That was the *Missouri*; that's how we did things." **Message to future generations:** "You're a bunch of pussies." ▶

"Dammit, who left
the freezer door
open again?"



2. THE STEEL DRAGON

In the epic battle of man vs. nature, the colossal Bethlehem Iron Works was America's greatest industrial gladiator.

She haunts the shores of the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania like a four-and-a-half-mile-long ghost ship. For the tens of thousands who worked at the Bethlehem Steel mill, she's a sad sight. They remember her simply as "the Steel," and she supplied much of the raw material that built America.

The first metal rolled off the mill in 1863. Forty years later, it was pumping out armor plating for the Great White Fleet. As the 20th century dawned, the Steel's 33 furnaces, two forging departments, and seven massive machine shops churned out the hard-and-cold behind America's crown jewels: The Golden Gate Bridge, the Chrysler Building,

and much of the Manhattan skyline owe their existence to Bethlehem Steel.

Hell, so does Europe. After Hitler invaded Poland, company chairman Eugene Grace declared, "Gentlemen, we are going to make a lot of money." He had no idea. Bethlehem forged steel for nearly 20 percent of U.S. Navy ships, 70 percent of all airplane cylinders, and a third of the big cannons. At peak production, more than 30,000 worked at the mill, their collars bluer than a dead man's balls. When workers went on strike, the mill's own police force cracked skulls. It was the kind of place that made a guy want to drink a 12-pack and break a college boy's nose, just

to feel human. Thanks to bloated unions and the "new economy," Bethlehem Steel folded in 1995, leaving behind the nation's fifth-largest "brownfield site" and 95,000 people without health benefits. The area was slated to become the National Museum of Industrial History, but even that plan is collecting rust.

What the ghosts know: Bethlehem Steel president Charles M. Schwab once bribed a Russian duke's mistress with a \$200,000 diamond necklace for the right to provide the steel for the Trans-Siberian Railway.

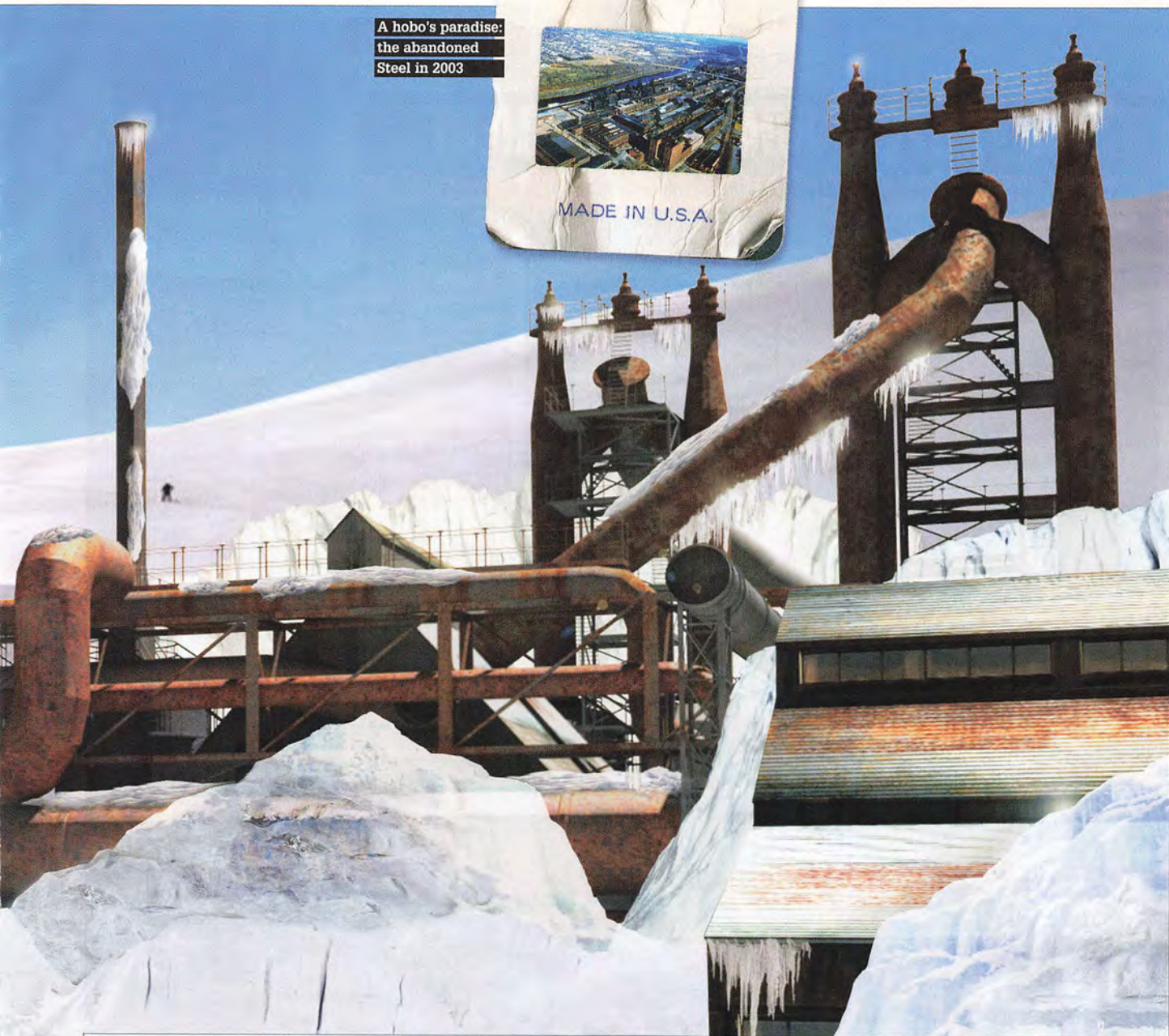
Message to future generations: "We used to have a work ethic until Starbucks' counter staff came along."



A hobo's paradise:
the abandoned
Steel in 2003

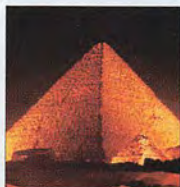


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SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

Retired Greek couples flocked to these tourist traps some 2,000 years ago. Think America's wonders top 'em?



THE GREAT PYRAMID

Erected more than 4,000 years ago, it's the largest of the ancient wonders and the only one standing today.



THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA

This lighthouse guided sailors to safe harbor for 1,500 years, using fire at night. A quake in the 14th century KO'd it.



THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON

The region around Baghdad is dirt now, but it's where all the hotties partied in the sixth century.



THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA

This gold and ivory statue of the king of Greek gods was built around 450 B.C. in the town where the Olympics were born.



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

Ancient lore held that this megastatue of the Greek god Helios straddled the harbor entrance of the island of Rhodes.



THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS

In toga times, fans of the goddess of the hunt hit this marble temple, which stood in what is now western Turkey.



THE MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSUS

This 135-foot-high tomb for the Persian King Mausolus was erected around 350 B.C. and stood for over 1,000 years.

"Seven Wonders" written by Michael Donahoe

Daytona in '87,
before it got purty



MADE IN U.S.A.

3. THE FASTEST ROAD TO NOWHERE

Here, 1,000 years from now, our connection to the future will come full circle.

More storied than the Daytona International Speedway itself is how it evolved. In 1934, at the height of the Great Depression, most racing took place on slow dirt roads. But down in Florida, between Ormond and Daytona, was a 23-mile strip of hard-packed sand where rumrunners raced "stock cars"—horsepower-packed jalopies designed to haul moonshine and outrun the law. In stepped Bill France, a mechanic and racing fanatic who lobbied Daytona Beach officials to build a paved oval track. The city finally agreed in

1948, and the first Daytona 500 was held 11 years later, on February 22, 1959.

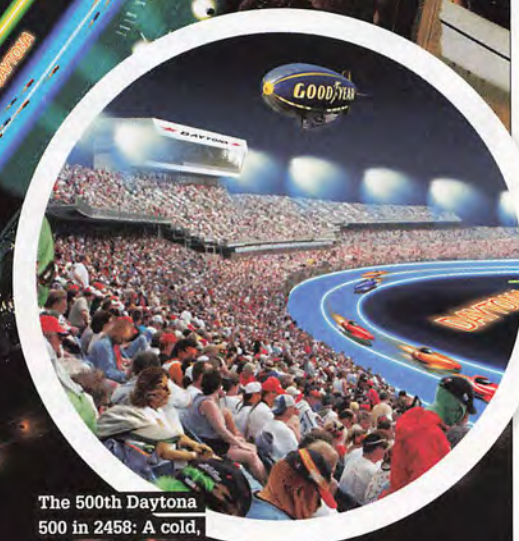
The largest outdoor illuminated sporting facility in the world, Daytona Speedway can fit more than 200,000 spectators inside its 480 acres, and it has come to define American racing glory. "Running down that massive backstretch at 200 mph, battling 42 of the world's best drivers... I'm telling you, it's electrifying," says two-time Daytona 500 winner Michael Waltrip. Other drivers haven't been so lucky. Over the years the

speedway has claimed the lives of 30 fearless men.

What the ghosts know: Back in the '50s, when workers were removing dirt to create the track's 31-degree banks, they hit Florida's infamously low water table. What bubbled up was the 40-acre lake in Daytona's infield—purely an accident.

Message to future generations: "We weren't afraid to go bumper-to-bumper at 190 mph. You shouldn't be, either."

"I can see my
mother/sister/cousin
from up here."



The 500th Daytona
500 in 2458: A cold,
cold beer only
costs \$830

4. MOUNT DOOMSDAY

This motherbunker will take a nuclear lickin' and keep on tickin'.

Those who've seen the 1983 movie *WarGames* might recall Cheyenne Mountain, that big-ass bunker with the 25-ton blast doors and computers that track Soviet ICBMs. Well, it's real—and still there, patiently bracing for everybody's worst day.

Built in 1961, the 200,000-square-foot complex is the ultimate deterrent: It can survive a 30-kiloton nuke, and the 200 folks inside can monitor the aftermath. At their disposal: a grocery store, a medical facility with a dental office, two gyms, a sauna, a

chapel, and—since they'll be the only ones left with hair!—a barber shop.

What the ghosts know: In 1980, Cheyenne detected 2,200 incoming Soviet ICBMs. Then national security advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski was about to advise President Jimmy Carter to retaliate when Cheyenne realized that the "launch" was a just a computer error. Whoops!

Message to future generations: "We were capable of destroying the entire planet...and maybe we did."

They were forced to watch *The View*



Locks out annoying radioactive contaminants!



MADE IN U.S.A.

SAVING TIME

If we ever blow ourselves up, one of these time capsules should be able to tell our distant descendants about the party.



MAIL FROM SIX BILLION

In 2006 the French will launch a satellite that will return to Earth in 50,000 years. It can hold four-page letters from six billion people. Visit keo.org and write one so future inhabitants won't think we were all whining frogs.



BACKWARD VAULT

Behind Mount Rushmore is the Hall of Records, a 70-foot tunnel to a titanium vault. Inside: 16 porcelain panels with key texts like the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and a history of the United States. Cool!



NASA GOES FOR THE GOLD

In case the Voyager 1 and 2 space probes run into E.T., they contain gold-plated copper disks with greetings, sounds, images, and music. They also have maps to Earth, so hope the E.T.s bring their own beer and women.



MIA AT MIT

In 1939 MIT placed a time capsule beneath a cyclotron, a machine that accelerates charged particles. The capsule was meant to be opened in 1989, but engineers have yet to remove it from under its 18-ton lid.—Kaitlin Bettick

5. THE HOUSE THAT BUD BUILT

We may not have nobility, but we do have a King. This is its castle.

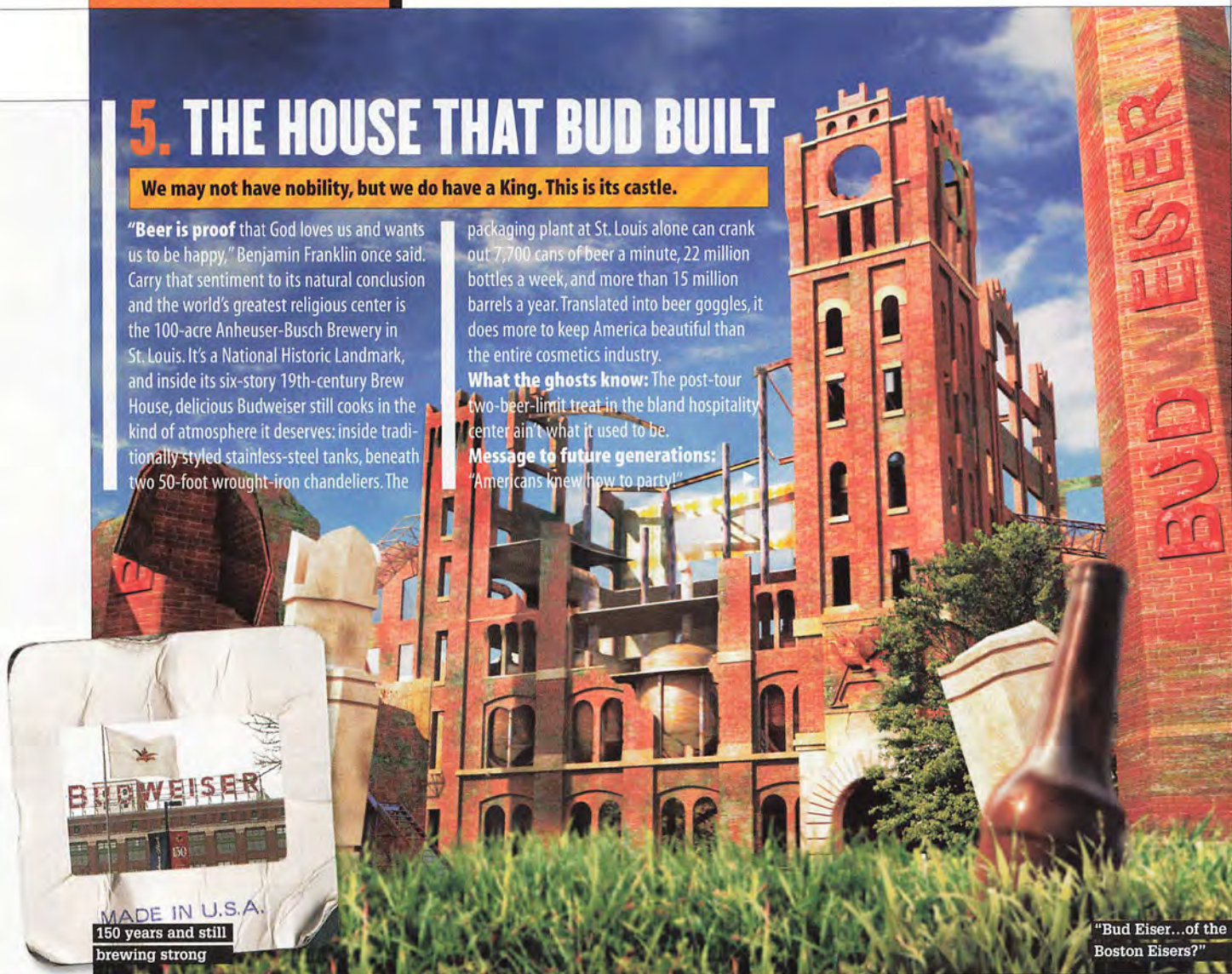
"Beer is proof that God loves us and wants us to be happy," Benjamin Franklin once said. Carry that sentiment to its natural conclusion and the world's greatest religious center is the 100-acre Anheuser-Busch Brewery in St. Louis. It's a National Historic Landmark, and inside its six-story 19th-century Brew House, delicious Budweiser still cooks in the kind of atmosphere it deserves: inside traditionally styled stainless-steel tanks, beneath two 50-foot wrought-iron chandeliers. The

packaging plant at St. Louis alone can crank out 7,700 cans of beer a minute, 22 million bottles a week, and more than 15 million barrels a year. Translated into beer goggles, it does more to keep America beautiful than the entire cosmetics industry.

What the ghosts know: The post-tour two-beer-limit treat in the bland hospitality center ain't what it used to be.

Message to future generations:

"Americans knew how to party!"



"Bud Eiser...of the Boston Eisers?"



HOW TO

BE IMMORTAL

Want to pass on part of yourself to future generations? Don't go planting your seed all over town—stuff a box!

When building a time capsule, "Put in interesting things that tell about the times," says Paul S. Storch, an objects conservator in St. Paul, Minnesota. We hope these items will impart the following messages to future *Maxim* readers...

1. SMOKE SIGNAL

"In our day, sucking down rich tobacco flavor was still legal and fun. Fight for your rights."



2. ROUND ON US

"Before making any important decisions, mull things over with a couple of bourbons on ice."



We get the last laugh:
It's really full of Cher CDs



3. HIROKI HAIR

"We bequeath you this lock of Hiroki. May its DNA let him be cloned and humiliated forever."



4. HOLY OBJECT

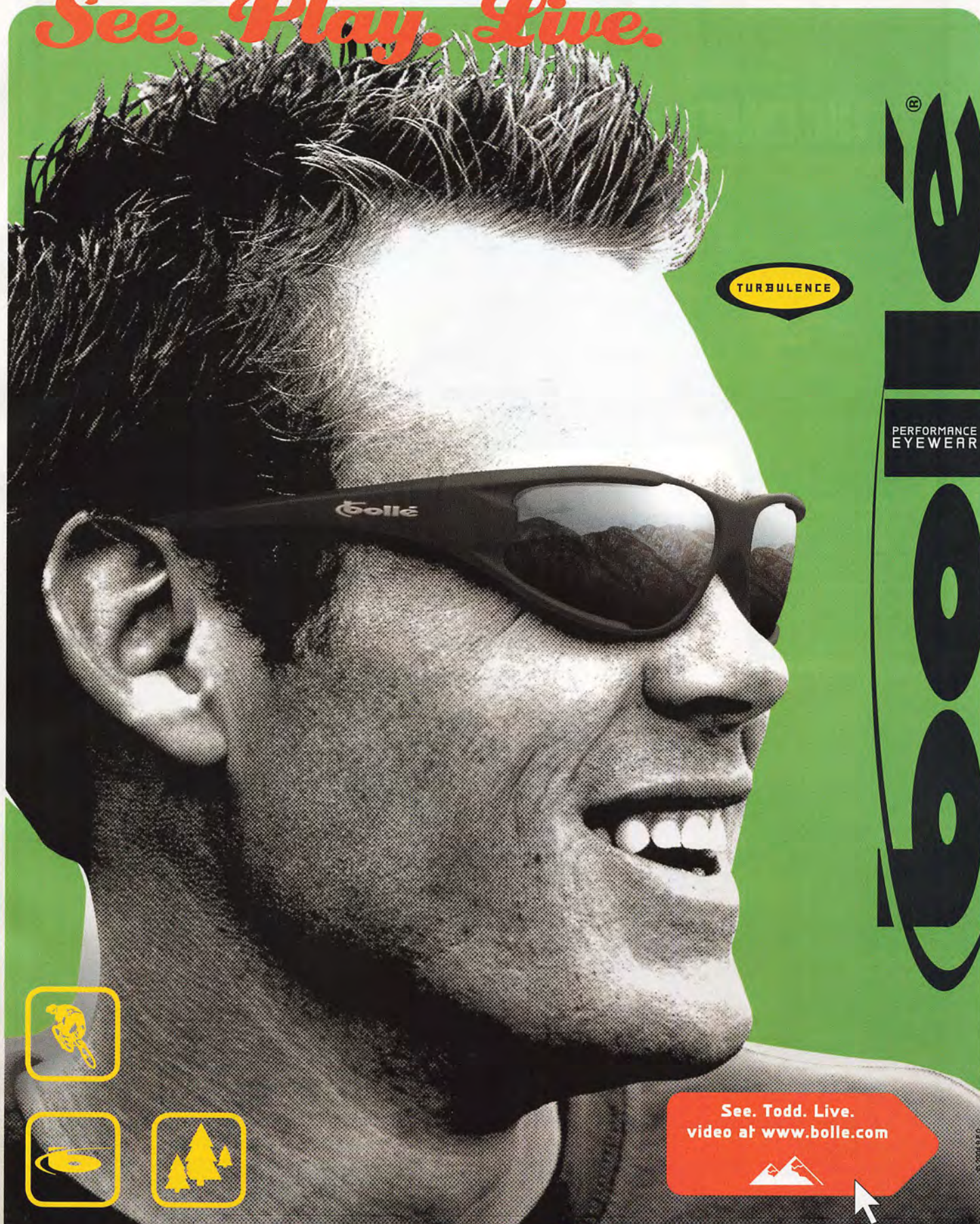
"Behold our Supreme Deity. Wind him up and follow his every command. D'oh!"



5. MORAL CODE

"If your people ever lose their way, these three DVDs contain all the values needed to rebuild."

See. Play. Live.



TURBULENCE

PERFORMANCE
EYEWEAR



See. Todd. Live.
video at www.bolle.com



NAME:
TODD LEDUC
OCCUPATION:
PRO MOUNTAIN BIKER



6. THE EMPEROR OF AEROSPACE

This gargantuan plant keeps three million globetrotters high each and every day.

After the polar icecaps melt and the oceans rise, future underwater explorers 30 miles north of what is now Seattle may wander into the remains of a building so large in scale it'll make their submarines look like minnows in a whale's belly. Inside they'll find airplanes.

Back in 1966, to produce the 747, Boeing built the world's most voluminous building in Everett, Washington. With a footprint of 98.3 acres and an astonishing 472 million cubic feet, the Everett facility can fit 911 basketball courts or 2,142 average-size homes under its 114-foot-high roof. Imagine the house party!

What the ghosts know:

During construction, a 46-day rain streak cost Boeing nearly \$500,000 in site repairs.

Message to future generations:

"Roll the dice." If the 747 didn't sell, it would've bankrupted Boeing. ▶



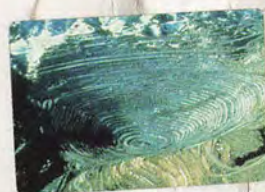
A 777 takes shape at Everett

Records show they were run by "flight hos"

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This town's a real hole

Bingham Canyon: It was once an 8,000-foot mountain



MADE IN U.S.A.

7. THE COPPER CHASM

When an open pit mine in Utah is visible from outer space, it's safe to say that Mother Earth has become our bitch.

"The unscarred beauty of the mountain is worth more than it's mineral wealth," a National Park Service superintendent once said. In the case of Bingham Canyon, an open pit copper mine near Salt Lake City, nobody listened—and a wonder resulted.

One of the only man-made objects visible from space, the mine is more than two miles across and nearly a mile deep. Two Sears Towers could stand atop each other inside the pit—and still wouldn't reach the rim.

What the ghosts know: 20,000 people

once lived in Bingham Canyon's communities. The mine slowly ate away at the towns' edges, swallowing the last buildings in 1972.

Message to future generations: "Sorry we destroyed this beautiful mountain, but if you wanna make an omelet..."

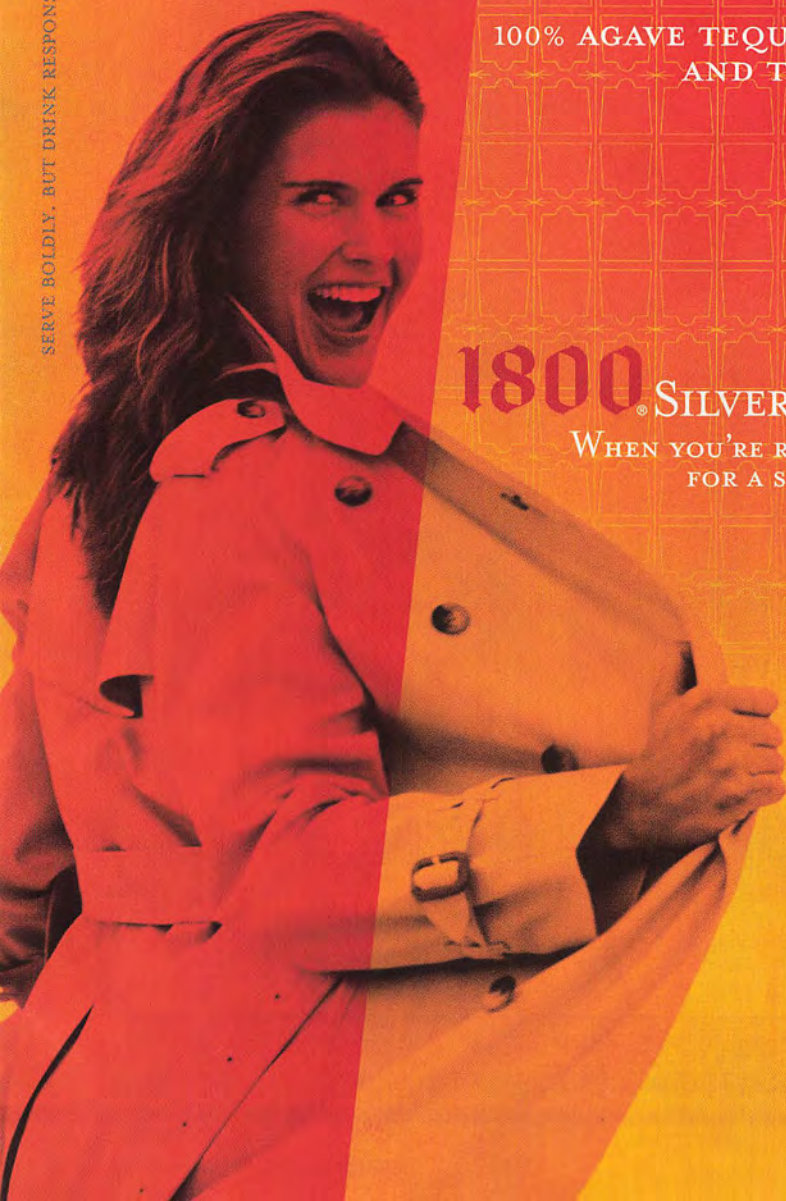


INTRODUCING
1800® SILVER TEQUILA

100% AGAVE TEQUILA FOR THE ULTIMATE SHOT
AND THE ULTIMATE TEQUILA COCKTAIL.

1800® SILVER

WHEN YOU'RE READY
FOR A SMOOTH TEQUILA.





THINGS TO DO THIS SUMMER

Last summer may have been nothing but picnics, beach blanket bingo, and skin cancer. But 2004 can be so much more...



JUNE

20

Father's Day

- Make Mommy tell Whatsisname about your real dad.
- Buy fake Dad something nice, like a pair of adult diapers.

21

First Day of Summer

- Time to make the shitcakes!
- You deserve a spanking, champ.

22

- Get someone pregnant, then convince them it's really Satan's seed.

23

- Introduce a ferocious camel spider into your backyard ecosystem.
- Using a tinfoil funnel, tan your colon.

24

- Lift weights while singing opera.

25

- Kiss someone randomly chosen from a retirement home. Full tongue.

26

- Tell a gullible kid you're a robot that traveled through time to kill him before he becomes a hero.

27

- Go on a hike and insist on calling every forest ranger Aragorn.
- Declare today Use Your Own Toothbrush Day and give your roommate a break!

28

- Call a relative and pretend you have Alzheimer's. Yell at him for six hours.
- Learn how White Power™ is made.
- Tour rustic Alabama.

29

- Go eco-friendly! Light your home by smearing the walls with all-natural fireflies.
- Take candy from a man-child.

30

- Flee to Maine.
- If you live in Maine, flee to Florida.

Only you can prevent sexy, sexy forest fires

JULY

1

Canada Day

- Forget you exist.
- Run up your cell phone bill, then "lose your phone" in someone's shopping cart.
- Take some gullible girls camping on ancient, haunted Indian burial grounds. Bring your talking dog.

5

- Travel to England and get drunk. Whoop it up, shouting, "We kicked your bleedin' arse!"

8

- Start decorating for Labor Day, and remind people that they have only two months left to wear white shoes.

9

- Seduce a nun by singing all the Judas parts from *Jesus Christ Superstar*.
- See how long you can sit in one position before screaming.

10

- Barbecue everything today, from burgers and salad to toothpaste and socks.

11

- Outsource all your annoying friendships to India.
- Chase a hippie with a Wiffle ball bat... filled with cement.

12

- Learn the noble craft of needlepoint.
- Give a hooker with a heart of gold a high society makeover and take her to a fancy polo match.

13

- Learn to appreciate mediocrity, like your girlfriend has.
- Befriend that cute forest creature who's been trying so hard to give you rabies.

14

Bastille Day

- Tell a Frenchman that the French are just Germans who make sauces. Then whack him with a baguette.

15

- Key a Bentley.
- Fall asleep during a lap dance.
- Drink yourself sober.

16

Pretend You're Mel Gibson Day!

- Call up a Jewish friend and tell him things between your peoples are now officially "cool."

17

- Dance a "forbidden dance" with a cat.
- Referee the ultra-secret Ultimate Catholic Schoolgirl Deathmatch on Jekyll Island, Georgia.

18

Hunter S. Thompson's B-day

- Do lots of drugs.
- Rant. Bang typewriter keys. Whoop. Make a fortune. Get Johnny Depp to play you. ▶

JULY (Cont.)

19

■ Call your grandpa and rile him up again about those damn Nazis.
■ Dedicate yourself to building the perfect chicken parm.

20

■ Great idea for a kid's birthday party: Crawl inside a cow's ass, then kick your way out, shake off the intestines, and... surprise! Living piñata!

21

■ Track down a local terror cell. Tell them they're doing a bang-up job. Report them immediately!

22

■ Go grandma tipping.
■ Mow your lawn with fire.
■ Get a mime-hunting license... they're in season!

23

■ Crash a tae kwon do class and crack some skulls.
■ Chug a can of cold tomato soup and ride a roller coaster.
■ Tell the amusement park attendants you're infected with ebola and see if they give you free stuff.
■ Contemplate a romantic getaway to Baghdad.



**Enter the Dragon.
But take her
dancing first.**

24

■ Seduce a gal at a mini-golf course by telling her, "That ball isn't the only thing I can put in a hole."

25

■ Go to a hospital; have golf ball removed from eye.
■ Use this line: "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art so hot and wet."

26

Democratic Convention
■ Hug a tree.
■ Condescend to a poor person.
■ Get an abortion.
■ Whip Al Gore into a frenzy by asking repeatedly, "Wait, if you received more votes than the other guy, how come you're not president?"



27

■ Visit the zoo alone. Ask a stranger, "Ever wonder what penguins wear under those tuxedos?"

29

■ Tell a blind kid you're juggling hamsters. Steal his ice cream.

30

■ Warn a friend about prostate cancer. Then lube a camera and tell him it's for his own good.

31

■ Dress like a 19th-century dandy and ride a giant unicycle. Tip your bowler hat while pinching your monacle.



28

■ Become a camp counselor and do all sorts of wacky '80s stuff with women in tight T-shirts.

AUGUST

1

National Friendship Day
■ Sue your best friend for no reason, then write a memoir about your adventures together.

2

■ Promise a sexy girl that if she goes home with you, she can expect "fireworks in the sack." Then set off actual fireworks in the sack.

3

Martha Stewart's Birthday
■ Throw a Martha Stewart prison party! Wear "pumpkin" and teach an uppity bitch to make "pain doilies."

4

■ Dress up as a birthday clown and knock on people's doors at midnight.

5

■ Take your imaginary girlfriend out and splurge on an imaginary lobster dinner.

6

■ Play volleyball with a hot chick. Then unleash your sweaty bitch-tits.

7

■ Shriek "U.S.A.! WE GOT THE NUKES!" while pumping your fist in public.

8

■ Bring a sword to the beach and smite everyone's kite by cleaving their kite strings in twain.

9

■ Smoke a blunt with Whitney Houston.
■ Hang-glide while guzzling a can of energy juice.



10

■ Turn your car into a taxicab and try to get hookers to "confess." When foiled by the cops, laugh about your funny prank!



11 ■ Ride a whale and teach it to shun Man.

12

■ Turn your kitchen into a restaurant and get your neighbors to eat dinner there. Menu: potato chip salad, fists 'o Spam, and Windex mimosas.

13

■ Wear an eye patch and use a serving ladle for a hook. When asked why, snarl, "Arr, I'm a soup pirate!"

14

■ Try to return yesterday's partially masticated lunch for a full refund. If you're refused, fully masticate it, then try again.

15

■ Mail all your friends little cards notifying them that they have been erased from your memory.

16

■ Start an Olympic scandal involving the Dutch. Make sure it includes a pair of wooden shoes and a container ship full of Astroglide.

17

■ Fire your doctor. Hire a faith healer. Maybe he'll have a tube of Jesus Salve for those itchy "naughty" bumps.

AUGUST
(Cont.)

23

■ Challenge your mechanic to a duel by slapping the crook across the face with a wrench.

28

■ Make license plates in prison! When "Bulldog" asks you what you're in for, shrug, grin, and say, "Little o' this, little o' that."

18

■ Think.
■ Breathe.
■ Think some more.
■ Smoke.
■ Eat a taco.
■ Stare into the abyss.

24

■ Find some women who think President Bush is hot, then dress up like him. Point at your zipper when referencing WMD. Wink a lot.

19

■ Win a trip to Camp X-Ray! Your stay begins with a complimentary delousing. Just encrypt e-mails to the Philippines and cc the FBI.

25

■ Crash a Coping With Divorce seminar and try out some smooth moves.
■ Sign up to be the first man to give birth. Bring a womb.

20

■ Make today Food Appreciation Day! Bake your underwear into a festive cake or tell a toddler his Jell-O is made out of crushed unicorns.

26

Women's Equality (Suffrage) Day
■ Get lucky at *Catwoman*! Sit next to a chick and slowly purr "meow." Then crap in a box.

21

■ Get dressed up in a furry panda suit, then try to make yourself extinct.
■ Eat a watermelon, and spit out the seeds "machine gun" style.

22

■ Begin your late summer See-All-the-Movies-That-Suck-Athon! Start with *White Chicks*. Finish with *White Chicks*.

27

■ Attend a hot dog eating contest. Your secret? Coat them in butter first. Then inhale those little fuckers until the gold is yours!

31

■ Go skinny-dipping in the executive bathroom sink.

Well, it isn't the head we were looking for, but...

SEPT.

1

■ It's National Panty Sniffing Month!

2

■ Live for one day as a cannibal, eating only thimbles full of your skin flakes.
■ Urinate on a sand castle.

3

■ Withdraw all your money, then go on a "life savings" hunt.

4

■ Invite homeless people to join you in an a cappella group. Tell them you'll pay them in delicious ketchup packets.

5

■ Organize a bonfire with some union workers you know and love. Sing union songs. When they least expect it, call them socialists.

6

Labor Day
■ Find a woman giving birth at your local hospital and celebrate with noisemakers, beers, and a big foam "number one" hand.

7

■ Make today Immigrant Labor Day and honor your hard-working green-carded friends by underpaying them.

8

■ Fun project! Fold napkins into universal symbols of hatred.
■ Take a long, satisfying dump in the ocean.

9

■ Wrestle a drunk lumberjack.
■ Shave your crotch with a secret message only you know about, like "vacant" or "Excalibur." Notice how laughter echoes off your lonely walls.
■ Jet-ski while jousting with beach umbrellas.

10

■ Four words: Coed naked mutual appendectomies!

11

■ It's still summer! Remind everyone.
■ When was the last time you hugged a car wash attendant?

12

■ Make TiVo think, based on your viewing preferences, you're a professional hitman.
■ Moose roast!

13

■ Tell people you're the mayor of Crazytown and you make sandwiches with the cheese on the outside! Shake hands with your feet.

14

■ If you're old, make today the day you don't die!
■ If you're young, play *Sixteen Degrees* of Yo' Mama with shots of hard liquor.

18

■ Challenge your siblings to a mah-jongg showdown for full custody of their children.

19

■ Back to school! Actually, school began two weeks ago. Plus you're 29, unemployed, and functionally illiterate. Oh well, back to *The View*!

20

■ Stroll around the office with a mini-umbrella-studded coconut shell. Toast your boss.

20

■ Sell fruit on the freeway.
■ Treat yourself to a day lounging by an open sewer.

21

Last Day of Summer
■ Learn to count... to 95.
■ Sleep. M

Normally, I never ask ax murderers in...but OK



HOPPY DAYS

THE BEERS OF SUMMER

Spend your sweatiest months with 10 brews tailor-made for hot weather, early Fridays, and deadly boating accidents!



BEST FOR...

SUMMER LOVIN'

**PAULANER
HEFE-WEIZEN**
\$8/six-pack

Screw wine coolers—get her tipsy with something you *both* can enjoy! This gal-friendly hefeweizen is meant to be served with a lemon wedge to complement its fruity taste. And the German wheat beer conforms to brewing laws dating back to 1516, so there's no need to feel Zima-like shame for drinking it.

BEST FOR...

LAWN MOWING

SWEETWATER 420
\$7/six-pack

No lawn? Then hot-wire a John Deere and lead the cops on a low-speed chase to down one of these delicious brews. It's cooked in Atlanta, where the muggy weather—combined with the beer's flowery aroma—makes it the ideal antidote to hours of yard work or the sweetest fuel for drunken games of lawn darts.

BEST FOR...

SOFTBALL GAMES

OLD STYLE
\$4/six-pack

As the official drink of the shirtless derelicts in Wrigley Field's legendary bleachers, Old Style has assuredly drowned more sorrows than any other booze on Earth. Brewed since 1902, the slightly malty swill goes well with a juicy Wisconsin brat, a thick slice of Chicago-style deep-dish pizza, or a century's worth of pathetic failure.

BEST FOR...

VIOLENT RIOTING

LA FIN DU MONDE
\$9/four-pack

With hot weather come short tempers, and there's no better way to take a break from beating the defenseless than with this golden ale. Despite its rage-inducing nine percent alcohol content, the beer (its Frenchy name means "the end of the world") is refreshing. It's the best thing to come out of Quebec since...ever!

BEST FOR...

CAMPING TRIPS

RATTLESNAKE
\$6/six-pack

Enjoy the rustic simplicity of tents, canteens, and gas-powered plasma TVs? Then you'll love Rattlesnake, the brain-child of a Wyoming gold-rusher who added artesian water to his family's beer recipe after seeing a rattlesnake drink from a well while camping in 1886. Sadly, the sweet, hearty brew contains no actual serpent venom.

"We'll be ready
for any lowdown
evildoers, dagnab it!"



BEST FOR...

BACKYARD BBQ'S

NEW GLARUS SPOTTED COW

\$6.50/six-pack

When you're devouring a farm's worth of meat, you want a beer that'll bring out the flavor of hot flesh as it's washed down your gullet. That's why aftertaste-free lager Spotted Cow is perfect for backyard gluttony. Like folks from its home state of Wisconsin, the beer is unassuming yet memorable. But not fat.

BEST FOR...

LAZY FISHING

HITACHINO NEST WHITE ALE

\$3.50/bottle

We define fishing as tossing dynamite into the neighbor's pool. But no matter how you hook dinner, you can pass hours of bite-free rod-holding with this Japanese rendition of a spicy Belgian white. It boasts a subtle citrus taste that eliminates the need to garnish, or cook, even the foulest of carp.

BEST FOR...

CURSING THE RAIN

REDHOOK SUNRYE

\$7/six-pack

If a vengeful God ruins your plans with bad weather, pop open a few dozen day-brightening Sunryes. The ale manages to be light and crisp while packing a flavorful bite powerful as sun-stroke. That's thanks to the unfiltered brew's six barley malts, including (who knew?) rye. Now, who delivers cocai—er, pizza at this hour?

BEST FOR...

GLOBE TROTTING

SAM ADAMS SUMMER ALE

\$8/six-pack

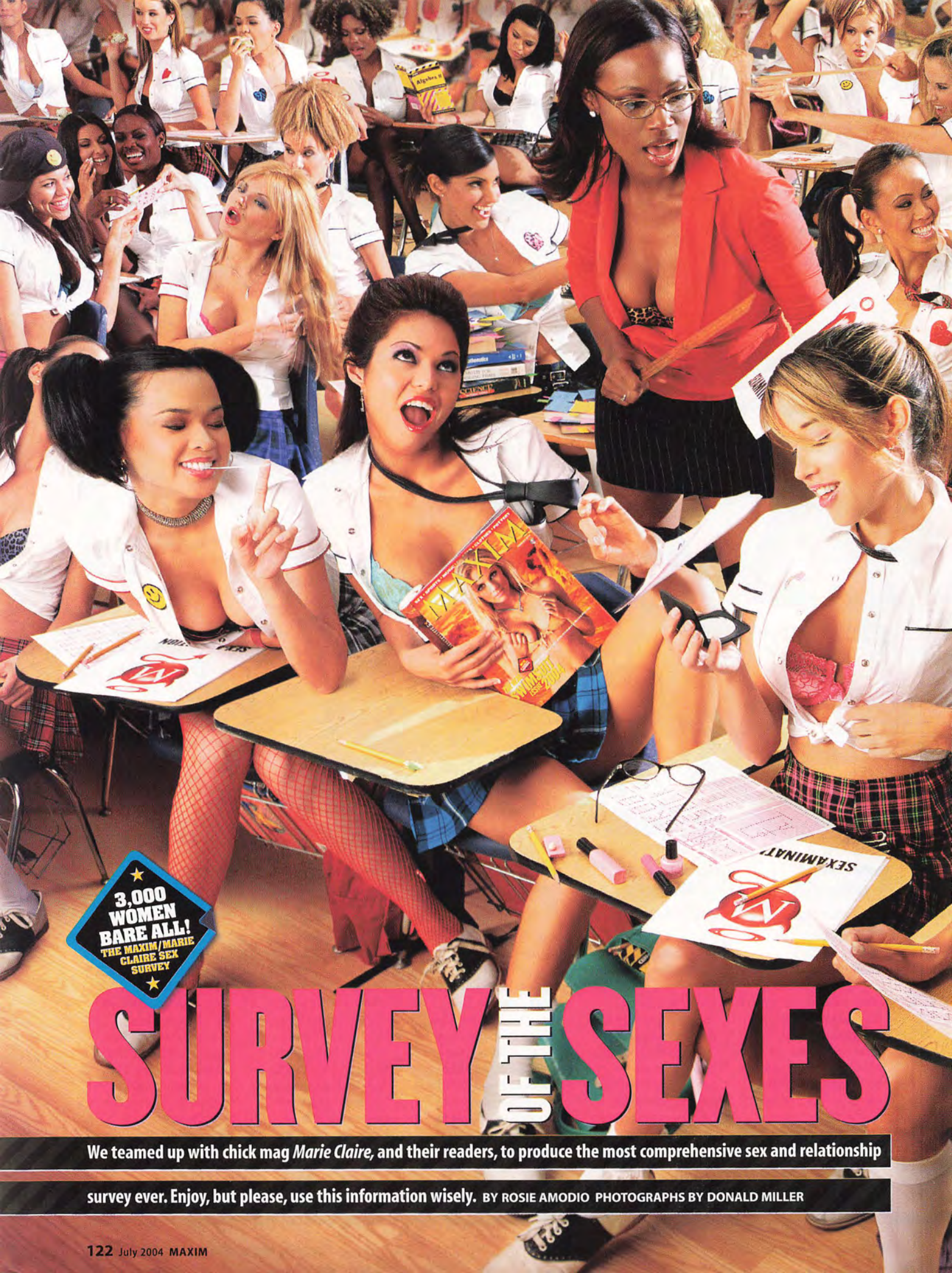
Whether you're heading toward Vegas or Vatican City, Summer Ale will help pass long nights in fleabag motels. Easy to find during pit stops, the beer goes equally well with beef, ostrich, or bison jerky due to the ingredient Grains of Paradise, rumored to be an African aphrodisiac. Enjoy the backseat!

BEST FOR...

HITTING THE BEACH

HAIRON \$6.1/bottle

Nothing goes along with merciless sun, blood-thirsty sharks, and sand in your shorts better than Caribbean delicacy Hairoun. Brewed on the island of St. Vincent by people who practically *invented* the beach, the pale-bodied lager is pronounced "heroin" by addicted tourists too damned lazy (or drunk) to bother pronouncing the name correctly.



★
**3,000
WOMEN
BARE ALL!**
THE MAXIM/MARIE
CLAIRE SEX
SURVEY
★

SURVEY OF THE SEXES

We teamed up with chick mag *Marie Claire*, and their readers, to produce the most comprehensive sex and relationship

survey ever. Enjoy, but please, use this information wisely. BY ROSIE AMODIO PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER

GET HER DIGITS





Even if you have one of those mythical girlfriends who say what they want, the female brain is difficult to understand. That's why we asked more than 3,000 of the female readers of *Marie Claire* magazine to divulge their innermost thoughts on dating, relationships, and (mostly) sex. Boy, did they let us know... and we're sharing their answers. Their responses [♀] and yours [♂] make this the survey of all surveys. Listen up, because once you know what girls want, you can, well, invent new, improved ways to screw up.



"I swear, Mr. Applebee, my cleavage ate my homework!"



DATING

Romance... it's not always as easy as it looks on *Fear Factor*.

HOW LONG SHOULD A GUY WAIT TO FART IN FRONT OF YOU?

- ♀ Until he's my boyfriend: 39%
- ♀ Forever, if at all possible: 34%
- ♀ At least until dinner's over: 13%
- ♀ Until we live together: 12%

"It's never OK to do."—Lulu, 30, therapist, NY

WHY DO YOU GO OUT WITH SUCH JERKS?

- ♀ Sweet moments are even sweeter: 36%
- ♀ I didn't know he was a jerk: 33%
- ♀ So I can change him: 13%
- ♀ So I'm not upset when we break up: 11%

"Sex is always better with a jerk. It's the bad boy vibe."—Melanie, accountant, 34, AK

FIRST IMPRESSIONS



GUESS WHICH TWO TRAITS GROSS WOMEN OUT THE MOST...

- Back hair
- Unemployment
- Bad manners
- Tevas with socks
- Snorty laugh
- Google eyes

Answers: Bad manners, 59% Unemployment, 57%

Two out of three women have given a fake number.

HOW MACHO DO YOU WANT US?

- ♀ A little tough, a little jealous: 81%
- ♀ Not at all—it's embarrassing: 15%
- ♀ Scarface—I want to feel protected! 3%
- ♀ As long as you don't wet your pants, we're golden: 0%

"There's something hot about a protective guy. You like knowing he's defending you, but you don't want him actually beating people up."—Ilisa, 30, nurse, CO

WHY DOES IT BOTHER YOU IF A GUY IS A SLOB AT HOME?

- ♀ It truly disgusts me: 43%
- ♀ I've got to train him or he'll go feral: 35%
- ♀ It reflects badly on me: 16%

"I hate when he says, 'I didn't know that needed to be done.' No laundry fairy tells me when to wash clothes!"—Laura, 26, public relations manager, VA

DOES IT BOTHER YOU WHEN WE CHECK OUT OTHER WOMEN?

- ♀ Only when it's more than a glance: 61%
- ♀ No—I know you can't help it: 27%
- ♀ Yes—keep your eyes on me, please: 11%

"Women understand that it's natural. It's only gross if he's checking out our friends or sisters. That makes us look stupid."

—Denise, 28, artist, FL

WHAT'S THE BEST WAY FOR A GUY TO IMPRESS YOU?

- ♀ Show his sense of humor: 47%
- ♀ Prove he's a gentleman: 37%
- ♀ Spark a bit of chemistry: 14%
- ♀ Fly me to his diamond mines: 1%

"I've dated guys I never would have otherwise just because they made me laugh."—Allyson, 23, administrative assistant, MD

AFTER ONE DATE, IF A GUY ISN'T INTO YOU, HOW SHOULD HE CUT IT OFF?

- ♀ Be hurtful but honest and tell me: 38%
- ♀ Call me in a few days and let me down easy over the phone: 34%
- ♀ Spare my feelings! Take my number but then never call: 26%

"One guy had the nerve to text-message me. I wish he'd had the balls to give me a reason."—Susan, 30, account executive, CT

WHOM WOULD YOU RATHER DATE?



- ☒ A really smart, ugly guy
- ☐ A really handsome, really stupid guy



- ☐ An intelligent woman with mediocre looks
- ☒ A hot, average-smart one



WHO'S HOTTER?

♀	♂
Me: 33%	Me: 18%
Him: 15%	Her: 41%
We're equals: 50%	We're equals: 40%

SEX, SEX, SEX

Because when you hold in your farts long enough, there's payoff.

JUST TELL US: HOW OFTEN DO YOU MASTURBATE?

Once a week or more:	50%
Once a month or less:	31%
Never:	17%

"Sometimes I can't wait for my boyfriend to leave so I can do it myself. It's just another level of sex."—Janet, 29, accountant, OR

HOW LONG SHOULD SEX LAST?

Ten minutes:	6%
Thirty minutes:	17%
Until I orgasm:	32%
As long as possible:	44%

"Quickies are fun, but they should never become the norm!"—Erica, 24, editor, NJ

WHAT DETERMINES HOW SOON YOU'LL SLEEP WITH A GUY?

How much I trust him:	75%
How funny/charming he is:	19%
His looks:	5%
My blood alcohol level:	0%

"It depends on how badly I need it. If I really, really like the guy, I hold out so he'll respect me more."—Nicole, 21, student, CA

HOW MANY PARTNERS ARE TOO MANY FOR HIM TO HAVE HAD?

Five:	10%
Ten:	25%
Fifty:	59%
One, if it includes his ex:	5%

"There isn't a cutoff. As long as he can commit now to just me, everything else is the past."—Rebecca, 24, legal secretary, CA

WHAT LEVEL OF SEXUAL APPETITE DO YOU WANT IN A PARTNER?

About the same:	63%
Higher than mine:	33%
Lower than mine:	2%

"It's a misconception that women don't like sex. If she's not giving it up, there's a reason! Ask her."—Nancy, 31, seamstress, NY

WHERE DO YOU WISH GUYS WOULD SPEND MORE TIME?

Kissing my face and neck:	43%
Letting their fingers do the talking:	28%
Giving me oral sex:	25%
At work, away from me:	2%

"Don't sigh! It's not that hard to please. All you have to do is ask us what we like."—Theresa, 29, chef, CA

WHAT DO YOU WISH GUYS KNEW ABOUT ORAL SEX?

You've got to be willing to stay down south a lot longer than you think:	41%
Quit changing your tempo, already:	35%
Murmuring, yes; slurping, no:	22%
This is neither the time nor the place for your "eating at the Y" joke:	100%

"One guy kept his tongue flat on my love button, alternating between fast and slow licks. Perfect."—Louisa, 25, accountant, NV

DO YOU DIG PORN?

I enjoy certain parts of it, especially with the right guy:	57%
I like it quite a bit:	21%
It makes me want to puke:	15%
Don't judge! I do the occasional art film to make ends meet:	5%

"I like the girl-girl stuff. Every woman enjoys porn. If a woman says she doesn't, she's probably lying."—Ana, 23, student, TX

DO YOU THINK A GUY HAS EVER FAKED AN ORGASM WITH YOU?

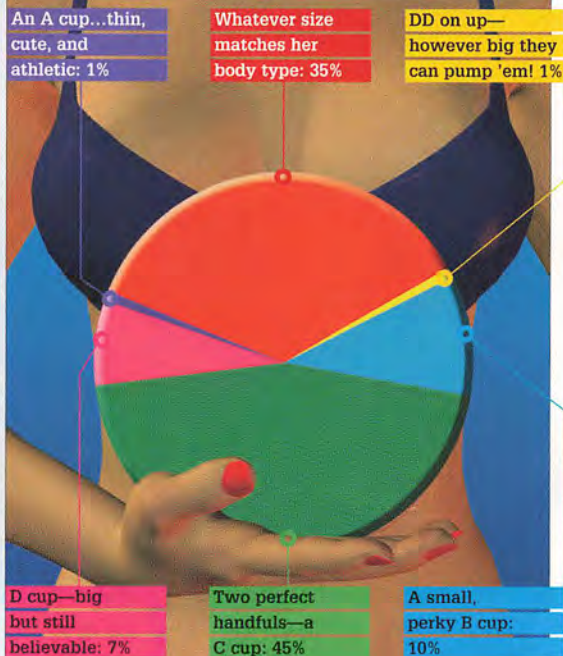
More than once:	6%
Maybe once:	24%
No:	69%

"When a guy is taking forever or is too drunk to come, I wish he would fake it!"—Laurina, 28, counselor, MO

GET HER DIGITS

PICK YOUR MELONS

Grapefruits or cantaloupes? Here's what you like.



DOES SIZE MATTER OR NOT?

No. It's how you use it:	50%
Yes. It has to fit:	33%
Yes. Stumpy's lack of confidence kills the mood:	7%
The bigger the better:	9%

"Technique can overcome size, but it's better to be small in length than in girth. Sorry, but nobody likes a pencil dick."—Monika, 20, student, CA

PICK ONE

OCCASIONAL GREAT SEX OR A LOT OF OK SEX?

♀	♂
Amazing sex but only once a month:	Amazing sex but only once a month:
71%	35%
OK sex every day:	OK sex every day:
27%	63%



"Why can't I pick both?"

GET HER DIGITS

"You may want to hold me after class."



SLACKS MORALS

WHO WEARS THE PANTS?

I do! 56%	I do! 75%

DOGHOUSE ROCK

COUPLEDOM

Find out what she wants and take the "oy" out of being her boyfriend.

IS IT OK TO BREAK UP WITH SOMEONE VIA E-MAIL?

- ⊗ Never. So tacky: 65%
- ⊗ Only if we've just started dating: 20%
- ⊗ Yes, if the person is a total jerk: 13%

"Once you have a history, it's deplorable to do that!"—Michele, 28, editor, NJ

84% of girls don't mind if they catch you polishing the bishop.

IF A GUY CHEATED ON YOU, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

- ⊗ Call it off immediately. Obviously: 51%
- ⊗ Find out why it happened and consider putting him on probation: 42%
- ⊗ Cheat back: 5%

"I walked in on them! She ran, fell off my balcony, and broke her arm. She never came around again."—Jamie, 24, sales, WA

HOW FAR WOULD YOU GO TO SPY ON YOUR BOYFRIEND ELECTRONICALLY?

- ⊗ I'd glance at his e-mail inbox: 37%
- ⊗ I'd read a few select e-mails: 28%
- ⊗ I wouldn't; it's not right: 28%
- ⊗ I'd implant a chip in his skull: 6%

"I watched my boyfriend enter his password, then later I found our 'surprise' weekend plans."—Marie, 30, writer, NY

HOW MUCH PDA DO YOU LIKE?

- ⊗ Handholding and discreet pecks: 79%
- ⊗ Public bathroom stall quickies: 8%
- ⊗ None—you shouldn't look whipped: 6%
- ⊗ We should be joined at the hip: 5%

"When you first start dating, that's when you have your shot at something like a bathroom quickie."—Janie, 26, clerk, NY

WOULD YOU EVER SUPPORT A MAN FINANCIALLY?

- ⊗ Maybe temporarily: 50%
- ⊗ If he made dinner every night: 21%

HOW FAR CAN YOU GO BEFORE IT COUNTS AS CHEATING?



Flirting and some friendly touching:	15%
Kissing:	68%
A hand job:	7%
Intercourse:	4%
When I get caught:	3%
Oral sex:	1%



Flirting and some friendly touching:	10%
Kissing:	57%
A hand job:	12%
Intercourse:	6%
When I get caught:	11%
Oral sex:	3%

- ⊗ If he's cool with it, I am: 17%
- ⊗ No way: 10%

"I make four times more than my husband, and that's always been fine with me. He loves his career, and I respect that."—Rebecca, 37, IT manager, AZ

WHICH IS MORE ROMANTIC?

- ⊗ A weekend getaway: 55%
- ⊗ Flowers for no reason: 33%
- ⊗ An unexpected dinner: 10%
- ⊗ The "other" pearl necklace: 0%

"I love when a guy is sweet in little ways instead of just when he's 'supposed to' be."—Jennifer, 26, copywriter, CA



TAKING THE PLUNGE

What's your biggest fear about marriage?

- She'll turn into her mother: 26%
- She'll turn into my mother: 11%
- I'll never be able to have sex with another woman: 24%
- Bye-bye, social life; hello, Lameaze class: 19%
- I'll have to watch the woman I love morph into a homely soccer mom: 14%
- I'll screw it up: 4%

"Doing the Running Man is getting old."



FOR A TIGHT LITTLE ASH



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MORE SEX

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WHO DO YOU FANTASIZE ABOUT WHILE YOU'RE HAVING SEX?

- 👉 I don't: 59%
- 👉 I play out fantasy scenes I've watched: 2%
- 👉 Other guys I know: 13%
- 👉 Celebrities: 5%

"I fantasize that my boyfriend has lost weight."—Suzanne, 33, self-employed, CO

IF YOU "SHE-BOP," HOW?

- 👉 With fingers: 52%
- 👉 With vibrating objects: 25%
- 👉 With dildos: 4%

"A vibrator does the trick, but not when I want to be tossed around like a cat toy."

—Julie, 21, administrator, CA

BEDROOM SCENES



WHY DO WOMEN FAKE ORGASMS?

- To spare your ego: 49%
- To get you off of us: 33%
- To avoid personal embarrassment: 12%
- To hone our acting skills: 2%

"He thinks if you don't come, he's a bad lover."

Faking it is easier than dealing with his ego."—Brittany, 19, gymnastics coach, CA

WHICH KINKY ACTIVITY GETS YOU HOTTEST?

- 👉 Having my breasts nibbled: 48%
- 👉 Having my ass slapped: 23%
- 👉 Having my hair pulled: 21%
- 👉 None of the above—please keep it civilized: 7%

"Spanking and pulling hair is fun. Also, blindfolds, silk scarves—basically any mild S&M does it for me."

—Kelly 30, teacher, IL

WHY AREN'T WOMEN MORE INTERESTED IN ANAL SEX?

- 👉 It seems painful: 64%
- 👉 It seems dirty—in a hygienic way: 24%
- 👉 It seems dirty—in a slutty way: 10%
- 👉 You'd better not be laughing and waving a cowboy hat around back there: 100%

"It hurts! That's an exit-only hole. Any guy who's ever cringed while watching Oz should understand why we're not into it."

—Jen, 23, graphic designer, NY

UNDER WHAT CONDITION WOULD YOU DO A THREESOME? OH, PLEASE...OH, PLEASE...

- 👉 If I really loved the guy: 4%
- 👉 If I were attracted to the woman: 21%
- 👉 If I were in a just-sex relationship with a guy (or a girl): 23%
- 👉 If hell froze over: 50%

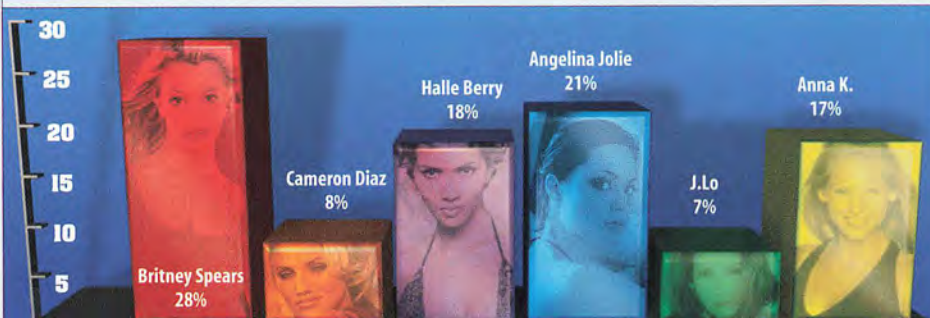
"I have done it, but I wouldn't do it with someone I loved. It was just fun and experimental."—Kristen, 21, student, OR

Reading: A
Writing: B-
Riding up: A+



WHO WARMS YOUR GRAVY?

We asked you to name your favorite star, just so we could show their pictures. You're welcome!



GLOVE HURTS

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HAVE SEX WITHOUT A CONDOM?

♀	Never:	27%
	It's happened:	47%
	Way too often:	24%
♂	Never:	33%
	It's happened:	18%
	Way too often:	44%



20 QUESTIONS...PLUS!

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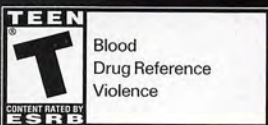


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INDONESIAN TERRORIST NETWORK. YOU ALONE HAVE THE FIFTH FREEDOM - THE RIGHT TO ACHIEVE
YOUR OBJECTIVES BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY.



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THE



William Krar had explosives, the makings of a chemical weapon, and, allegedly, false U.N. IDs. Was he planning to bomb the U.N.?

ACCIDENTAL TERRORIST

William J. Krar was a small-time arms dealer who friends say liked to fib that he was a cop, a soldier, even a mercenary. Then authorities found him a new role: suspect in the largest domestic terrorist investigation since Oklahoma City. But is the real threat still out there?



Bart LaRocca didn't say much. The FBI agent just came into Teresa Staples' nondescript storage facility between a patch of woods and a bare highway in Noonday, Texas, and told her to "keep an eye on" two strangers who were renters there. It was winter 2003, and for the next several weeks Staples watched the strangers come and go...and waited for something to happen.

They were an odd pair. William Krar was the megaphone—a charming, smart guy who was always shooting his mouth off. Sixty-two, with white, wiry hair and a droopy eye, he sported a biker jacket, black boots, and a big cigar. His common-law wife, Judith Bruey, was as quiet as he was loud—a polite, sweet 53-year-old woman with a mousy bowl cut. Professional pack rats, they followed the flea market circuit and visited Noonday Storage almost every day to unload a U-Haul filled with tools, swimsuits, and other junk.

On April 10, 2003, Special Agent LaRocca showed up with more agents in tow. Also with him was a sullen Bruey, who led the agents to three storage lockers she and her husband rented. Among the items agents found in the lockers and the couple's house: nine machine guns, five shotguns, dozens of other carbines, handguns, and stacks of green metal ammo cans containing more than 100,000 rounds. Then there were the explosives: four pipe bombs, 36 smaller bombs, and several charges of Kinepak, a powerful compound that miners use to blast through solid rock.

But those weapons weren't the most lethal items: Other containers held two pounds of sodium cyanide and, allegedly, hydrochloric, nitric, and acetic acids. Mixed together they'd create hydrogen cyanide gas—deadly enough to kill in less than 20 seconds. In short, the FBI had found the makings of a weapon of mass destruction in rural Texas.

Krar was taken into custody. Local TV crews descended

on Noonday, and reports trickled out in the UPI wire, the *Los Angeles Times*, and *USA Today*—some declaring authorities had stopped the most serious domestic terrorist plot since Oklahoma City. A Justice Department press release lauded the FBI for making sure the plan was "pinpointed and neutralized." The president was informed of Krar in his daily intelligence briefing. It was the kind of bust the FBI needed desperately. A year and a half after 9/11, the communications problems that had haunted the bureau seemed resolved. A leaner, meaner FBI had obtained information, acted, and prevented another terrorist attack.

Unfortunately, a *Maxim* investigation into the case has uncovered that the opposite seems to be true. The FBI had information linking Krar to suspected antigovernment militants as early as nine years ago, information that was ignored when Krar's actions raised repeated red flags. According to an FBI report, three months before the Noonday arrest, Krar was arrested with a cache of weapons and chemicals in his car, an incident that apparently wasn't shared among FBI offices. When the bureau finally did put the pieces together on Krar, it was only because he had once again stumbled onto their radar screens by accident.

Most disturbing of all is the likelihood that Krar may very well have been a patsy, or at worst a middleman. The real terrorist mastermind may still be out there.

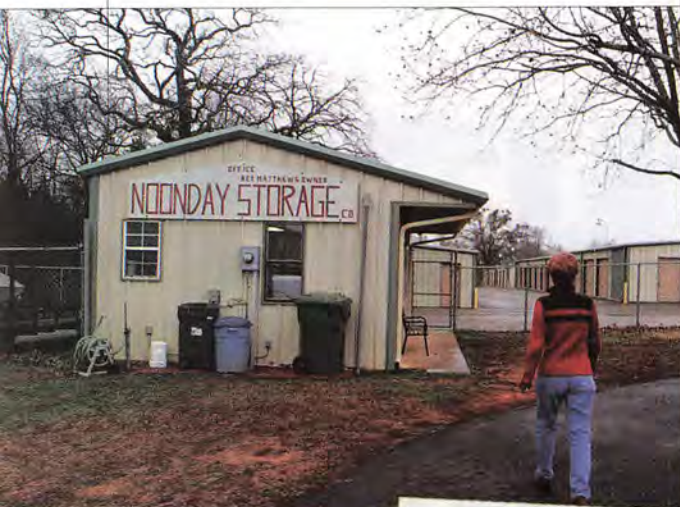
MR. FIX-IT

To the FBI, Krar is a dangerous potential terrorist with connections to white-supremacist groups. But those who know him claim he was just a bullshit artist who'd say anything to gain respect and standing with clients and friends.

Krar spent most of his life around guns and machin- ►

The FBI had found the makings of a weapon of mass destruction in rural Texas.





Bottom left: William Krar and Judy Bruey. Top left: Noonday Storage, where Krar kept the makings of a chemical weapon. Above: Military-style boxes sit on pallets inside Krar's locker.

ery, and he spent it poor. The son of a Colt gunsmith, he grew up in blue-collar East Hartford, Connecticut, where he worked odd jobs and married his first wife, Joyce, in 1963. In the mid-1970s, the couple moved to New Hampshire.

Michael, their only child, describes his dad as the ultimate do-it-yourselfer. "He liked to take stuff apart," says Michael. "I remember an old snowmobile that he used to take neighborhood kids for rides on. It would get halfway across the yard and break down, and he'd spend hours trying to fix it." Krar worked carpentry, sold stationery, even hawked women's underwear, but he could never stick to one job. The turnover put a strain on his marriage, and he and Joyce separated in 1980. "All his waking hours he worried about how he was going to make a living," says Michael. "People talk about his ideology. His ideology was, 'I hope I can pay the mortgage at the end of the month.'"

By 1985, Krar was 45, divorced, and going nowhere. While he was working at a supply company in Keene, New Hampshire, coworkers claim, he started telling them he had been a paratrooper and a CIA mercenary. He told his boss, Alan Wetmore, a grisly story about eating lunch while sitting on stacks of dead bodies in Cambodia. When Krar started claiming he was a cop and carrying a fake badge and a gun to work, Wetmore called the police.

Cpl. Barry Hunter of the New Hampshire State Police went in to talk to Krar, bringing another officer for backup. "I didn't think he was dangerous," Hunter explains, "but he had a firearm. It would have been foolish to go in there alone." The moment Hunter confronted him, Krar started backpedaling. Wetmore fired him on the spot, and Krar was slapped with a \$100 fine for impersonating a police officer.

Krar moved to Florida and married again, but in 1992 the IRS put a lien on their house, the bank later foreclosed, and his second wife left him. He eventually went back to New Hampshire, where he moved in with Judy Bruey and set up a business called International Development Corporation (IDC), an overblown moniker that fit Krar's inflated stories of being a successful war hero. In the real world, Krar was 55 and living hand to mouth, and IDC was just a storefront for anything he could sell—which by now was increasingly becoming military surplus and guns.

MAD BOMBERS

Marvin Norman, a bomb squad technician with the Metropolitan Nashville Police, was two hours into the late-night shift on April 24, 1995 when he got the call.

According to Norman, during a routine traffic stop, a patrol officer had spied a knife on a passenger seat, which the driver, Kevin Bottoms, said was for protection from his brothers, Brian and Sean. Both had records, but Sean's was particularly bad: a 1980 conviction for bomb possession in Tennessee and a 1986 assault rap in Texas. Police sources allege Kevin told the cops that Brian and Sean planned to kidnap a local TV anchorman and a radio talk-show host. When cops raided the brothers' house, they allegedly found several firearms and thousands of ammo rounds. They had called in Norman after finding pipe bomb parts.

"I talked to Kevin Bottoms first," says Norman. "He seemed scared." But what unnerved Norman most was Sean. "Sean was surrounded by police, they had him in cuffs, and it didn't seem to faze him a bit. Most people get mad. He was just standing there."

Norman called the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, who, along with the FBI, grilled the Bottoms brothers about their plans. One of the items they questioned Sean about was a business card they found in his house with the names IDC and William Krar. According to Norman, Sean had used his connection to IDC to buy the galvanized steel pipes for pipe bombs.

According to court documents, Sean said he met Krar in Tennessee and that the two of them were planning a massive domestic terror attack on a federal target. When New Hampshire ATF agents interrogated Krar, he claimed he'd merely sold Bottoms ammunition and military surplus. Then Bottoms allegedly failed a polygraph and said he'd made the whole story up. But he refused to explain their relationship. Despite follow-up surveillance, the FBI never determined the exact nature of their relationship, although it must have been close: Judy Bruey, had her car registered to Bottoms' address in Manchester, New Hampshire.

Sean Bottoms was sentenced to six years in federal prison in 1997. Meanwhile, Krar continued selling military supplies under IDC America and formed other companies

He began doing business with people planning for the end of American society.



with names like IBC, Becam, and Global USA Development—all run by him, Bruey, and friends. According to friends, he also began doing business with a group of people planning for the end of American society.

APOCALYPTIC TUPPERWARE PARTIES

By 1998, Krar and Bruey were living in Bedford, New Hampshire, where Krar and a group of survivalist friends would gather in his dingy one-room shack to trade stories about a coming government crackdown.

"We believed when the grid went down at Y2K, Clinton would declare martial law and confiscate all guns," one of these survivalist explains, on condition of anonymity. "The U.N. would have a monopoly on weapons."

In something like an apocalyptic Tupperware party, Krar's friends say, he sold them atropine injectors, bandages, ammunition, survival manuals downloaded off the Internet—anything he could. He claimed a colonel in Washington had given him secret information. The members of the group say they weren't planning an attack, just preparing for the worst. Did Krar believe the hammer would actually come down—or was he just trying to make a buck?

"I don't know," the survivalist says, "but he did make money off us."

On the gun show circuit, Krar bragged to friends Gene Rochette and his brother, Tom, about having warehouses filled with military items. The "warehouses" turned out to be storage units.

By late 1999, Krar told the Rochette brothers he was getting out of the rat race and building a retirement community in Costa Rica. Tom claims Krar convinced him to invest \$15,000. In 2000, Krar made at least four separate trips to the country to scout locations.

"I believe he was serious," attests Les Nunez, Krar's realtor in Costa Rica, "but he was underfunded. People realize their project will cost twice as much and bail out."

Tom links Krar's cash problems to his hiring of Dawn Philbrick, a shapely, beautiful brunette who accompanied Krar on business trips. Tom had heard rumors of an affair. She was with Krar on 9/11, when he caught law enforcement attention again after making another boast.

"He claimed he knew 9/11 was going to happen all along, and that more was coming," says Jennifer Gionet, manager of a storage facility in Hooksett, New Hampshire Krar visited that morning. Gionet mentioned Krar's comments to her mother-in-law, who called police. The local cops interviewed Gionet but appear never to have followed up with Krar. The report was filed away. A few weeks later, with creditors like Tom Rochette asking for money, Krar, Bruey, and Philbrick left for Texas. There Krar made a mistake that should have raised every red flag in the book.

THE LOST PACKAGE

On the night of January 24, 2002, UPS mistakenly delivered a package to the home of Michael Libecci, a resident of Staten Island, New York. After a family member inad-



Krar's books: sales research or attack preparations?

LOCKER SHOCKERS

A sampling of items cops have encountered in storage units...



Rescued from a storage unit in Wheeling, IL

■ Wheeling, IL:

A 38-year-old woman who'd been abducted, severely beaten, duct-taped, and crammed into a trash can alive.

■ Las Vegas, NV:

A steel capsule containing radium, a controlled radioactive substance.

■ Liverpool, U.K.:

Organs and body parts from 800 dead children.

■ Staunton, VA:

More than four dozen live cats, stuffed in crates.

■ Hunters Point, AZ:

A family of eight. They had been living inside for six months.

■ Harrisonburg, VA:

A white powder containing the deadly poison ricin.

■ Fife, WA:

The carcasses of 32 bald

eagles, along with one golden eagle.

■ Cleveland, OH:

Two paintings, a Picasso and a Monet, worth \$2.5 million.

■ Mountain Home, NC:

\$18 million in cash (the cops said that the entire 5'x10'x10' locker was filled).

■ Buena Park, CA:

\$4 million in counterfeit money.

■ Columbus, OH:

600 pounds of unstable dynamite, which caused 1,600 people to be evacuated from their homes.

■ Hokkaido, Japan:

About 20 tons of stolen Russian crabs.

■ **Toronto, Canada:** A mummified baby girl.

■ **Contra Costa County, CA:** More than 5,000 boxes of human ashes.

■ **London, U.K.:** More than half a ton of ammonium nitrate fertilizer, used to make homegrown bombs.

■ **Davis, CA:** 157 pounds of human remains, including two well-preserved heads. —Jane Dryer



Allegedly stored 157 lbs. of organs

vertently opened it, Libecci found fake IDs, birth certificates, a Social Security card, an ID for the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency, and a United Nations Multinational Force Observer card. The cards all had different names, but the photos were identical. The package was addressed to an Edward Feltus of Middletown, New Jersey. There was also a note that read, "We would hate to have this fall into the wrong hands." The sender was allegedly William Krar.

Libecci immediately contacted the police in Middletown, New Jersey, who promptly called the FBI's Newark field division. Based on earlier police reports, Krar's files should have indicated he was a weapons dealer who impersonated a cop and may have been linked to a possible terrorist plot. Now he had reportedly created false ID cards accessing some of the nation's most secure facilities.

Newark sat on the information for seven months.

When they finally acted, Special Agent John Marley interviewed Feltus, a middle-aged civil servant, who allegedly belonged to the New Jersey Militia—which has published ominous statements promising to defend the nation against all "enemies, foreign or domestic." Feltus, according to the FBI, claimed the documents were only his "ace in the hole" in case the government was taken over.

"His big fear was there'd be some kind of New World Order," says a friend of Feltus', adding that the militia is just a social club.

"Guys like him are victims of their philosophy," says Feltus' attorney, Jerome Ballarotto. "They meet people in gun shows that scare the bejesus out of them with stories about the government, then sell them things." ▶

On 9/11 he claimed he knew it was going to happen all along, and more was coming.

SPECIAL REPORT



From left: Some of the guns, including assault rifles, that were part of the huge weapons cache federal agents found in Noonday Storage; the various false IDs Krar allegedly provided for Feltus; a bottle of sodium cyanide confiscated from Krar's storage locker.



In August 2002, Special Agent Marley finally passed the case to the Dallas field office, where Agent LaRocca took over. He tracked the return address to a Mail Boxes, Etc. in the Noonday area, but waited nearly two more months to interview anyone there. He put Krar's house under surveillance and researched old addresses but not much else. Meanwhile, Dawn Philbrick moved back to New Hampshire, where Krar and Bruyey began sending her mail. LaRocca ordered a "mail cover" to monitor their mail and also ran background checks, but somehow failed to find anything unusual. By January there was apparently still no record of LaRocca doing much more than sifting Krar's letters. That would change only after Krar was caught in what looked like the final stages of a terrorist operation.

FEAR ON THE HIGHWAY

Tennessee state trooper William Gregory was watching the traffic speed past on I-40 East outside of Memphis on the morning of January 11, 2003 when an Oldsmobile Alero zipped by at 75. Gregory pulled it over and right away knew something was wrong.

"The driver was an older guy, but he was in a black and green military jacket," says Gregory. "It didn't match." The man was William Krar, and as he

'Then it dawned on me: Holy shit, this boy's got atropine injections!'

talked his eyes, says Gregory, kept darting to something on the passenger-side floor: a Panther stun gun.

"Could you get out of the car?" Gregory asked, also seeing the *Turner Diaries*, a book about a white supremacist terror war in the U.S.

"Any drugs or weapons?" Gregory asked.

"I...I'm not sure," Krar replied.

"Look," said Gregory, "you know if you have weapons."

"If I did," Krar answered hesitantly, "they would probably be in the trunk."

By then, Gregory's partner had pulled over. The troopers opened the trunk. According to FBI reports, inside were a smoke grenade, handcuffs, almost 300 rounds of ammunition, gun magazines, fuses, and, according to Gregory, two high-quality garrotes—sharpened wires used to strangle people. The two troopers quickly handcuffed Krar.

Gregory states he found military-style needles, prepackaged with doses of atropine—the antidote to several types of nerve gas. He says he called Blue Lightning, a U.S. Customs Service center that tracks major criminals, which told him Krar was flagged for a terrorism investigation.

"I hope you have cuffs on that boy," the operator said.

Gregory crawled in front to check under the seats and says he found several joints, a syringe of what looked like heroin...and a container filled with a strange white powder. Scrunched up on the floor of the car, Gregory opened the container and moved it closer to his face.

"Then it dawned on me," recalls Gregory. "*Holy shit, this boy's got atropine injections!*"

Gregory cleared out, slamming the door shut. "Call the fire department," he told his partner.

"Sure," the trooper said, "just don't come near me."

Firefighters tested the powder for toxins, with negative results, while cops took Krar to the station, where agents from the ATF, FBI, and the Tennessee Bureau of Investigation questioned him about items allegedly in his car, including documents with codes and meeting places in cities in the South and Pennsylvania. According to police, Krar said they were to help Philbrick escape her abusive husband. They didn't believe him, but they had no answers.

The lab was unable to test the possible heroin, and no one ever learned what the strange powder was. According to Gregory, Krar was charged with speeding and possession of guns and marijuana, and posted bond the next day. "Our justice system at its best," Gregory says sarcastically. He watched Krar drive on toward Nashville, then, hours later, his partner spotted him driving back toward Texas.

THE PIECES FALL INTO PLACE

Four days after Krar's arrest, LaRocca talked to Boston FBI agent John Goglia, who found the reports of Krar's police impersonation and his curious statements on 9/11. Over the next eight days, Goglia and LaRocca tracked down more of Krar's New Hampshire and Texas connections, but it wasn't until January 24—12 days after Krar's release—►

FLAW ENFORCEMENT

Think the Krar case was bungled? Check out these FBI screwups.



ALL HUNG UP

2001: Bank robber Gary L. Sampson called the Boston FBI to turn himself in. When no one busted him, he embarked on a three-victim killing spree. An FBI switchboard operator later admitted accidentally disconnecting the call.



ANALYZE THIS

1999: James J. Hill, an FBI security analyst in Las Vegas, became a goodfella by proxy when he sold top-secret files to an ex-agent, who then sold 'em to the Mob. Nobody noticed until Hill used the bureau's own fax to send docs in 2001.



ERIC THE FLED

1996: Feds wrongly named Richard Jewell a suspect in Atlanta's Centennial Olympic Park bombing; Eric Robert Rudolph (above), allegedly the real bomber, was a suspect in three other bombings before captured in 2003.



I SPY ON THE FBI

1985: FBI agent Robert Hanssen offered the Soviets highly classified documents for the bargain price of \$100,000. He spied in plain sight for 15 years, causing the deaths of two compromised U.S. agents. —Michael Donahoe



Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Hot Spot

the inside story on

Great Sex!

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas about a "little secret" that has made her sex life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month my husband returned from a business trip in Europe, and he was hotter and hornier than ever before, with more passion than he has had for years. It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of all—he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking... men don't have multiples, but trust me he was, and his newfound pow! pow! power! stimulated me into the most intense orgasms I've ever had. So, before we knew it, we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives!

We tried tantric stuff in the past, and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely out of the ordinary. I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our lovemaking and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.



My husband takes the supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes," and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,

Tina C., Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes" and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a daily supplement specially formulated to trigger better orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate our own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous climax!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common

slang for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming and coming."

As far as finding it in the States, I know of just one importer—Böland Naturals. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-248-4212 or ogoplex.com. Ogöplex is all-natural and safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

Jamie Ireland



Top: A scene from Oklahoma City. Could Krar have intended a similar attack? Nitric acid (right), a bomb-making ingredient, and atropine injection (left), both allegedly found in Krar's locker.

that LaRocca got the report of Krar's arrest in Tennessee. And it wasn't until February 17 that LaRocca learned of the investigation linking Krar to Sean Bottoms.

"I don't know who that is, to be honest with you," admits FBI agent David McIntosh, who interrogated Krar near Memphis. "I never heard the name Bottoms."

Sean Bottoms had been released from prison just a month earlier and could well be the person Krar was going to visit when he was arrested. Bottoms was living in a halfway house in Nashville, and Krar had mentioned to Trooper Gregory that he had friends there. According to bomb squad technician Norman, the ATF called him and asked who Krar could have been seeing in the area. He gave Bottoms as one of the possible contacts.

After all that the FBI still waited two more months before raiding Krar's storage sheds. The news media dutifully showed footage of the packed storage sheds, and one UPI report, quoting unnamed federal sources, even said Krar had the makings of a chemical bomb that could kill everyone in a 30,000-square-foot building—the size of a large basketball arena.

But no one bothered to ask why the authorities didn't have a plot, a target, or, most important, accomplices.

THE CASE AGAINST WILLIAM KRAR

Wes Rivers, federal prosecutor for the Eastern District of Texas, filed the final indictment against Krar, Bruey, and Feltus on June 3, 2003. The case was solid: Krar and Bruey were each charged with one count for possession of a chemical weapon, two counts of machine gun possession, and one count for an unregistered silencer, a pistol with the serial number removed, and the pipe bombs. Krar and Feltus were also charged for the false documents.

Agent LaRocca supplied at least two affidavits on his

investigation that quoted an unnamed "federal law enforcement source" who said that in the mid-1990s Krar met at least one member of an extremist militia group in his business and was a "good source of covert weaponry for white-supremacist and antigovernment militia groups in New Hampshire."

But as the case continued, the evidence thinned. Under cross-examination, LaRocca admitted he didn't know if Krar had any relationship with militia members. No record of the anonymous law enforcement source who fingered Krar ever surfaced. Also, several local cops and militia members in the area during 1995 said they had no memory of Krar.

Krar's arsenal also began to look a lot less menacing. The stories of a chemical weapon taking out a 30,000-square-foot building were flat wrong. Margaret Kosal, Ph.D., a consultant with the Center for Nonproliferation Studies, and Sanford Leffingwell, M.D., who worked on the Tokyo subway sarin gas attack, both told *Maxim* that Krar had enough chemicals to kill within an area of 1,600 square feet—not even close to the 30,000 feet reported by the UPI.

Krar's most dangerous item was probably the Kinepak explosives. "He had enough to blow a house into kindling," says Gerald Hurst, Ph.D., the chemist who invented it. But after reviewing Krar's other explosives—pipe bombs oddly made of plastic instead of metal, cardboard bombs like heavy-duty firecrackers—Hurst says Krar was an amateur. "Most of this is teenybopper, *Mission: Impossible* stuff," Hurst says. "This guy was a kid."

Then why does the FBI think differently? LaRocca's own reports show a sloppy, uncoordinated investigation. Many sources are misquoted and misidentified, or their testimony is outright ignored. The FBI even targeted the wrong Dawn Philbrick—the family of the innocent woman claims they were put under surveillance and harassed. LaRocca denies that, but he does confirm that the FBI was initially after the wrong woman. But in LaRocca's reports, the identity of the innocent woman is still mistakenly listed.

Before the case went to trial, Bruey pleaded guilty to one count of conspiracy to possess machine guns, unregistered firearms, and a firearm with an obliterated serial number—with a term of five years in prison. Krar pleaded guilty to possession of the chemicals. On May 4 he was sentenced to more than 11 years in prison.

Krar spent his life pretending to be someone else, bragging about an exciting life as a cop or a mercenary or a secret agent. According to those who knew him, these were merely bumbling attempts to win favor or look powerful. But, in a way, the government eventually took him at his word. He's 63 now, with a heart condition. He may never leave prison alive.

Did Krar have connections to a terrorist plot? The cyanide was less dangerous than reported, but still dangerous—and the stockpile of guns and explosives was very real. Krar had met and sold supplies to at least one violent felon: Sean Bottoms. Did Krar plan to sell his new weapons to Bottoms? Or to someone else? Unfortunately, the FBI has no answer for those questions, and Bottoms seems to have fallen off the radar. Federal prosecutor Brit Featherston has claimed that because of this case, authorities issued 150 subpoenas and made several other arrests. But they have yet to materialize. One thing is very clear: The Krar case shows serious problems in the FBI.

"Someone dropped the ball," says Daniel Levitas, author of *The Terrorist Next Door*. One retired district attorney with 10 years of experience says the Bureau has been completely swamped since 9/11. "They have only 11,000 agents and worldwide jurisdiction," he says, adding that they're chasing potential threats, unable to follow up.

Whether Krar is completely innocent, or a small part of a bigger conspiracy, we don't know. What's scary is, more than two and a half years after the case was opened, it appears that neither does the FBI. ■

No one asked why authorities didn't have a plot, a target, or other suspects.



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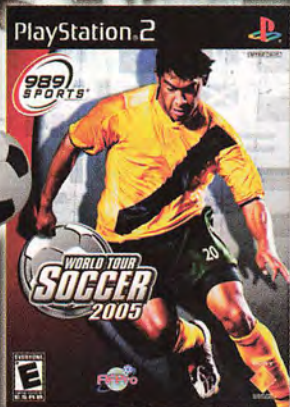
There are more than 900 teams from 21 divisions and 23 leagues playing for 6 different Cups on World Tour Soccer 2005. You'll never have to go to a pub at 5 a.m. to see yours play again.



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NAUGHTY BY

ARIELLE KEBBEL



NATURE

She's got a sweet tooth and a smoking bod, and she might even make the first move. Gentlemen, meet HBO's latest find, *Entourage's* Arielle Kebbel. Just go easy on the Little Mermaid jokes, OK?

INTERVIEW BY PAUL SEMEL AND JANE DRYER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRAIG DE CRISTO



Arielle exhibits a deeper shade of *Soul Plane*

For 19-year-old actress Arielle Kebbel, skimpy outfits are just another day at work. In HBO's new series *Entourage*, she's a Tinseltown knockout; in *Soul Plane* she plays a sexy passenger; in *Be Cool*, the upcoming sequel to *Get Shorty*, she's a skimpily dressed assistant; and on *Gilmore Girls*. . . well, she's good on *Gilmore Girls*. As you know, we're not so pure. So we sat her down and asked her some dirty questions.

When you were researching your role in the hip-hop airline flick *Soul Plane*, did you join the mile-high club?

No, though I do have a little list in my head of places I'd like to try. The feeling of sneaking around, doing something where you're not supposed to, that's very sexy.

So was your outfit in the movie.

My character is very . . . open with her body. None of the women in the movie could bend over, let's put it that way.

Do you mind wearing limited clothing?

I just shot the *Entourage* pilot for HBO. With a cable channel, there are no limits. We did a scene where a bunch of us strip down and go swimming. They handed me a thong, and I was like, "Um, no!" I wound up in a bra and some cute boy shorts.

Do you wear little outfits at home too?

I don't actually walk around in a shirt and a bikini bottom, but I do have a thing for cute underwear. I wear it whenever I go out.

You're constantly playing sexy women.

Do you like the girlie roles?

I'm totally waiting to play a badass *Kill Bill* type. When I did *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, I got to kill a girl, and when I was on *Judging Amy*, I got to beat the shit out of this girl, and both were so much fun.

Does it bother you that most of *Maxim's* readers will be too transfixed by your pictures to even read this?

No, but I don't really read the articles, either; I just look at the hot pictures. Though I probably don't do what a lot of people do with it.

Use it as wrapping paper?

Never!

When you meet guys, do you hear Little Mermaid and Kibbles 'n Bits jokes?

It happens. I'm past it at this point. And then they're like, "I'm sure you've never heard that before." I'll just smile and nod.

Do you ever make the first move?

It depends on the mood. I don't think there's anything wrong with it, though women do like to feel pursued.

Finally, do hot women really get to flirt their way out of speeding tickets?

I wish! One night I was driving and so infatuated with dipping French fries into my milk shake that I drove right through a stop sign. The cop who pulled me over had no mercy. I totally tried to flirt my way out of it, but the more I did, the more he hated me. ☹



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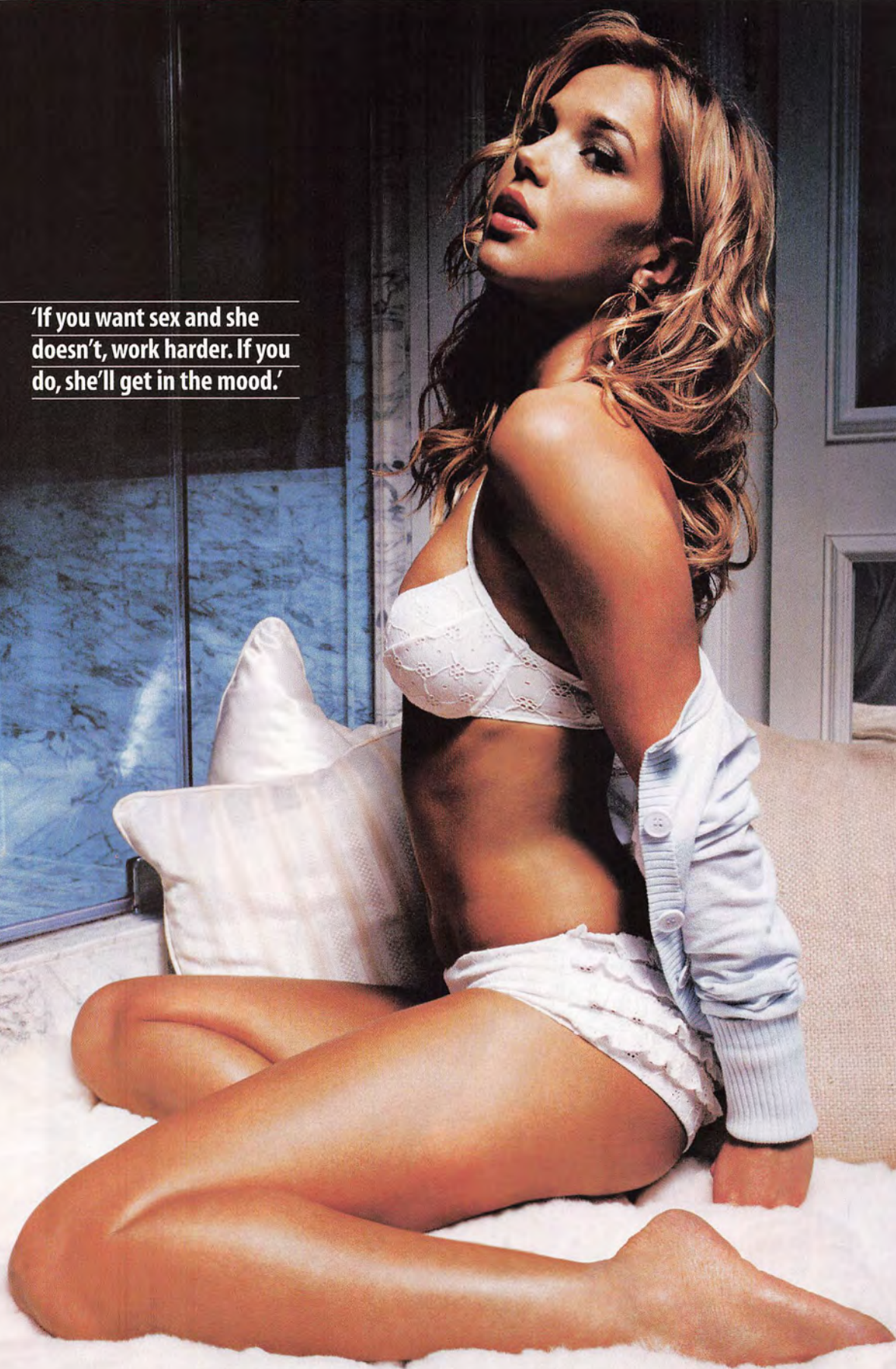


'I never "stole" a guy. It's not my fault if their girlfriends couldn't keep them happy.'

ARIELLE KEBBEL



'If you want sex and she
doesn't, work harder. If you
do, she'll get in the mood.'





'Entourage paid
us to party in a
limo. I looked
over and two
girls were
making out.'

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2004 MAXIM BREAK N NAUTICA JEANS COMPANY

Maxim's 4th annual Spring Break event in Cancun, Mexico was, quite possibly, the greatest week ever. From March 8th to the 12th, over 15,000 spring breakers partied with *Maxim* and **StudentCity.com** at the Oasis Hotel beach.

Hundreds of co-eds signed up for our featured daily **Nautica Jeans Volleyball Tournament** for the chance to win the hottest styles of **Nautica Jeans** bathing suits, towels and gear. **The Maxim Hair Color by Just for Men HEAD HUT** made a triumphant return where over 300 breakers got their hair dyed right on the beach. Those taking a break from the hot sun hung out in the **Activision Game Bar** while others tried their luck at the **EZ Wider Dice Game** for the chance to take away beer-cozies, visors and much more! The hairier set (you know who you are) snagged free **Schick Quattro** razors for their shaving pleasure.

The party reached epic proportions when **Method Man** hit the beach to host our yearly *Maxim Break* Rap Battle, setting the stage for an amazing night performance at **The City** witnessed by over 5500 crazed partiers. **Method Man's new album, Tical 0: The Prequel, is in stores now!**

Check out all the unbelievable highlights on **maximonline.com/parties**.

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On April 17th, *Maxim* and Playstation®2 took Los Angeles by storm with the **Ratchet & Clank 2: Going Commando Lounge** at the world's greatest paintball venue, The Hollywood Sports Park.

Gamers, paint-ballers, and *ER*'s **Mekhi Phifer** played **Ratchet & Clank 2: Going Commando** and pretty much destroyed anything and everything in their path. *Maxim* reader Aaron Cisewski won a trip for him and four friends to L.A. and lived it up on *Maxim* before getting a chance to get rough against our team of *Maxim* models at paintball. Actually, our models happened to be semi-pro paint-ballers who promptly kicked the crap out of them. But, hey... there are worse ways to go.

Go to **www.maximonline.com/parties** to see more exciting photos and video from *Maxim's Ratchet & Clank 2: Going Commando* paintball tournament and party!



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TOP GEAR



SNEAK PEEK

Imagine: binoculars that take digital pictures of what you're spying on, er, peeping at, er, viewing. Time to stop imagining.

Nobody at the office believes your golden, hard-bodied Swedish lesbian neighbors feed each other cheesecake while lounging naked in their outdoor hot tub? Sounds like a job for Bushnell's ImageView digital binoculars. Simply pop up the 1.5-inch LCD screen, zoom in up to 8x30 mm, and snap a digital

picture with the built-in 2.1-megapixel camera. With 16 megabytes of internal memory and a USB port, you can easily e-mail the evidence to your favorite Web site—creepybastard.com. Of course, there are plenty of legal ways to make use of these high-powered camera-binoculars—for

instance, zeroing in on steroid ripened baseball players, ogling the fat lady's squeeze bags at the opera, or exploring the depths of your olive-stuffed bellybutton. The ImageViews are even protected by "rubber armoring," so they won't break when you fall out of that backyard tree. (\$280, bushnell.com)



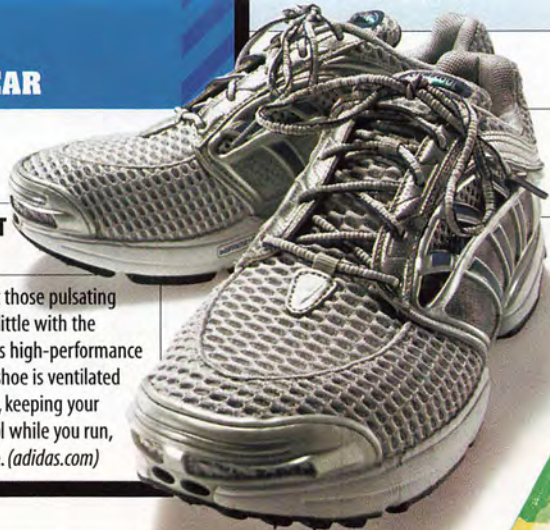
Item #43 on John
Ashcroft's "me
like, me want" list

PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

TOP GEAR

HEAVEN VENT \$100

Hey, foot rot! Let those pulsating corns breathe a little with the ClimaCool III. This high-performance summer sports shoe is ventilated from toe to heel, keeping your little piggies cool while you run, jump, or wheeze. (adidas.com)



GRAB BAG

Softball bat? Margarita mix? Mosquito Death Star? Yep, it's summertime!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHINICHI MARUYAMA



GO-GO PARTY \$8

Just add tequila to this portable sack from Lt. Blender's Frozen Concoctions, then shake, freeze, and presto! Instant citrus-flavored liquor vehicle. Just remember, if she leaves you, it's your own damn fault. (bbqgalore.com)



HUM RINGER \$130

Dude, if you can't own a Hummer, you might as well wake up to a Hummer. (We're talking about the SUV, not your mom's specialty—wokka, wokka!) This toy Hummer is an AM/FM digital radio alarm clock with a CD stereo. It's the very cutting edge of alarm clocks in the shape of bitchin' off-roaders. (sharperimage.com)



FIST MISSILE \$10

Let the long bombs fly! The Nerf Challenger Football isn't military-issue, but it's still cool for a damn toy. It has a counter that'll, er, count the number of rotations the ball makes when you "accidentally" whip it at that group of buff marines—d'oh!—gaggle of hot chicks. Whatever. (*hasbro.com*)

THE REAPER \$1,395

Are skeeters always ruining your naked picnics? This propane-powered insect holocaust emits carbon dioxide, tricking backyard insects into thinking it's human. Then it juices the fuckers. (*mosquitomagnet.com*)



BEACH HOUSE \$80

The only problem with a trip to the beach is dealing with all that damn sun and sand. Enter the First-Up Beach Cabana: a portable eight-by-eight-foot hideaway that goes up in 30 seconds. It has a removable sun cover and mesh panels for breezy ventilation, and a bunch of other nifty trademarked thingamajigs. (*jeep.com*)

BALL CRACKER \$280

Legend has it this bat was forged by Orcs in the lava pits of doom. But the truth is that the Dark has intimidating looks and a multiwall composite alloy barrel—perfect for any Goth softball team. (*demarini.com*)




YAMAHA 660R RAPTOR
\$6,400

Life is too short not to off-road, and Yamaha's premier ATV—the high-revving Raptor—is like its namesake: mean, agile, and fast. The light, ground-clearing chassis houses a 660 cc liquid-cooled five-valve engine that feeds through a five-speed gearbox, serving up enough torque to throw off a rodeo cowboy. But the adjustable suspension, a YZ-style seat, hydraulic disc brakes, and dirt-chewing radial tires ensure that the rider stays in control. And if you like going nowhere fast, the Raptor's 3.2-gallon tank allows for hours of joy riding. So serve the woodland creatures notice: Hide now. Oh, the bunnies will shake their little cottontails off with fear. (yamaha-motor.com)

> EDITORS' CHOICE

RIDE AND SEEK

Three big-ticket summer toys that pay back with bitchin' velocity.

CANNONDALE SIX13 \$5,800

When the Six13 debuted at the Tour de France, weight had to be added to its innovative carbon fiber and aluminum bike. Why? Because it's so light that it violated the baguette-chokers' regulations. The Six13's frame itself is a feather-light 2.5 pounds. (That's less than two six-packs of your favorite cheap beer!) The secret is either the unique process whereby aluminum joints are seamlessly bonded with the carbon tubes, or the bike is made out of marshmallow. (The former is probably correct, but after those two six-packs the latter makes its own kind of sense.) Add on pedals, wheels, chains, and other standards, and the zippiest road racer out there checks in at just under 15 delicious pounds. (cannondale.com)


SEA-DOO 3D \$7,600

If you think all watercraft are created equal, then you haven't sliced up Neptune's backyard with the Sea-Doo 3D. Unlike other wave splitters, the 3D is modular, busting down into three different configurations: Vert, Moto, and

Kart. Ride in Vert mode and you're standing—it's like surfing the deep blue. Switch to Moto and ride the Sea-Doo like a dolphin-humping Aquaman. If you get bored with that or have kids you're determined to shepherd safely to adulthood, snap in the special

bucket seat and convert the Sea-Doo into Kart, the idiotproof mode with a low center of gravity that's nearly impossible to capsize. This super-agile configuration is also ideal for playing "Margarita Pirate of the High Seas" with the harbor patrol. (seadoo.com)



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK VERONSKY

1 PUTT SLUT

"Hit me!" the white ball meows. Just wait, you little tramp: The Hammy putter has a split grip and triple-bend shaft (hey, just like Father O'Malley!), making it easier to line up and sink long-distance putts. You'll get more birdies, and people will like you. (\$129, hammy putter.com)

2 SPOT LIFTER

This battery-powered thingy spins your (golf) ball for 20 seconds, locating its "sweet spot." Our sweet spot is simple: chocolate nipples. (\$25, sharper image.com)

3 VIEW MASTER

Knowing the distance from ball to pin is apparently important in golf. Luckily, this compact 5x power scope will help your booze-addled brain figure out which club to use to clear the hazards and hit the perfect shot, whether you're 10 or 700 yards away. (\$386, bushnell.com)

4 GO THE DISTANCE

Peep the Elephant Man-size head on the R580 driver. It's a whopping 400 cc, just under the USGA's size limit. Master the titanium club face and your ball will be soaring from the tee box into the blue yonder. And the "give me head" jokes will write themselves. (\$399, taylormadegolf.com)

5 THE LITTLE LADY

Tees that look like naked ladies? Ha! What's *really* funny is that these totems are the closest broads can get to membership at Augusta. Keep these tiny tarts under your thumb until you have to scurry home to do the laundry before the missus beats you stupid again. (\$10, nakedladytees.com)

6 NEAT CLEATS

Mark Twain called golf a good walk spoiled. But what did he know? He wrote about little boys. Golf is a nice walk made better thanks to Nike's new breathable Gore-Tex membrane SP-7 shoes with special rubber outsoles. Your pals will crap their hideous plaid pants. (\$150, nike.com)



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photo © Leen Thijssen for Stockland Martel.com



HOW TO

RESCUE YOUR HAND

It's all fun 'n' games until someone blows off their opposable thumb.



1. HANDS OFF

"Often people hurt themselves when trying to relight a firework. They pick it back up, and *pow!*" says Elizabeth Bullock, a registered nurse in Columbia, South Carolina. Darwin would agree: Don't molest fizzled-out fireworks.



2. MAN ON FIRE

"Use common sense and soak it in cold water," says Bullock. "Don't wrap or put ice on the wound, and don't put any home remedies on it—like toothpaste or butter." If it hurts like a mofo, a trip to the ER is probably necessary, idiot.



3. GIVING THE FINGER

If you manage to blow your fingers off, immediately staunch the bleeding. Next, put the severed digits on ice, say a prayer for your finger-bangin' finger, get to an ER, and demand a sober doctor. Alternatively, throw 'em on the barbie!



Hiroki oppresses a roll of Chinese firecrackers

> PATRIOT MISSILES

UNCLE BLAM!

Nothing says "Happy Birthday, U.S.A." like star-spangled, Speedo-soiling, Earth-shattering *ka-booms!*

ABUSE YOUR FUSE!

1. FLAMING BALLS

The Round Red Dahlia launches great balls of fire that pop into pretty flowers. Visit your doctor about those other flaming balls. (\$20, fireworks.com)



2. MISSILE DEFENSE

What has 300 little missiles that whistle and crackle? This Missile Base pack finishes with a big finale—just like your masseuse. (\$25, fireworks.com)



3. POCKET ROCKET

These little suckers are like crack pipes—it's impossible to light just one. Stick them in the ground, then "ooh" and "aah" as they burst overhead. (\$8, fireworks.com)



4. RED CHINA

Celebrate the Fourth Commie-style. A strip of 8,000 firecrackers makes the Chinatown Celebration the premier noisemaker—it brings good ruck! (\$100, fireworks.com)



5. AIR AMERICA

The Air Assault Collection lobbs patriotic comets into the nighttime sky that explode three times. That's a trick only Zen porn stars can master. (\$150, fireworks.com)



6. BLOWOUT

These rockets are cheaper than boomi-licious mortars, and they paint the sky with fire. Moron cartoon characters think they're lollipops! (\$11, fireworks.com)



Play it safe:
Swift First
Aid Kit, \$126.
(firstaidsupplies
online.com)

Warning: Fireworks explode—it's in their nature. Follow directions, be sure they're legal in your state, and stay away from our mailboxes.

Photograph, Frank Veronsky; (Hiroki); Prop styling, Amy Auslander for Punch Artist; hair & makeup, David Maderich for Halley Resources; still-life photographs, Robert Glasgow

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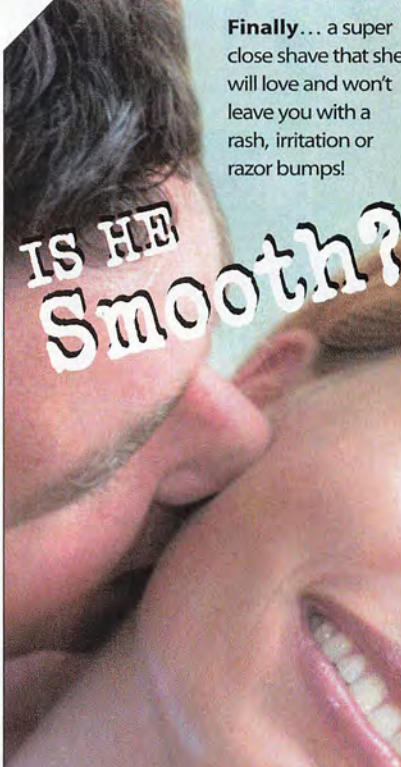
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(clockwise, from top left) Corsica coin wallet, \$138, by Coach; leather wallet with striped elastic closure, \$225, by Tod's; Undercover camouflage wallet, \$45, by J.Fold; and striped wallet, \$30, by Perry Ellis.

When wallets are this cool, you can't help but want to lift one for yourself.

FASHION



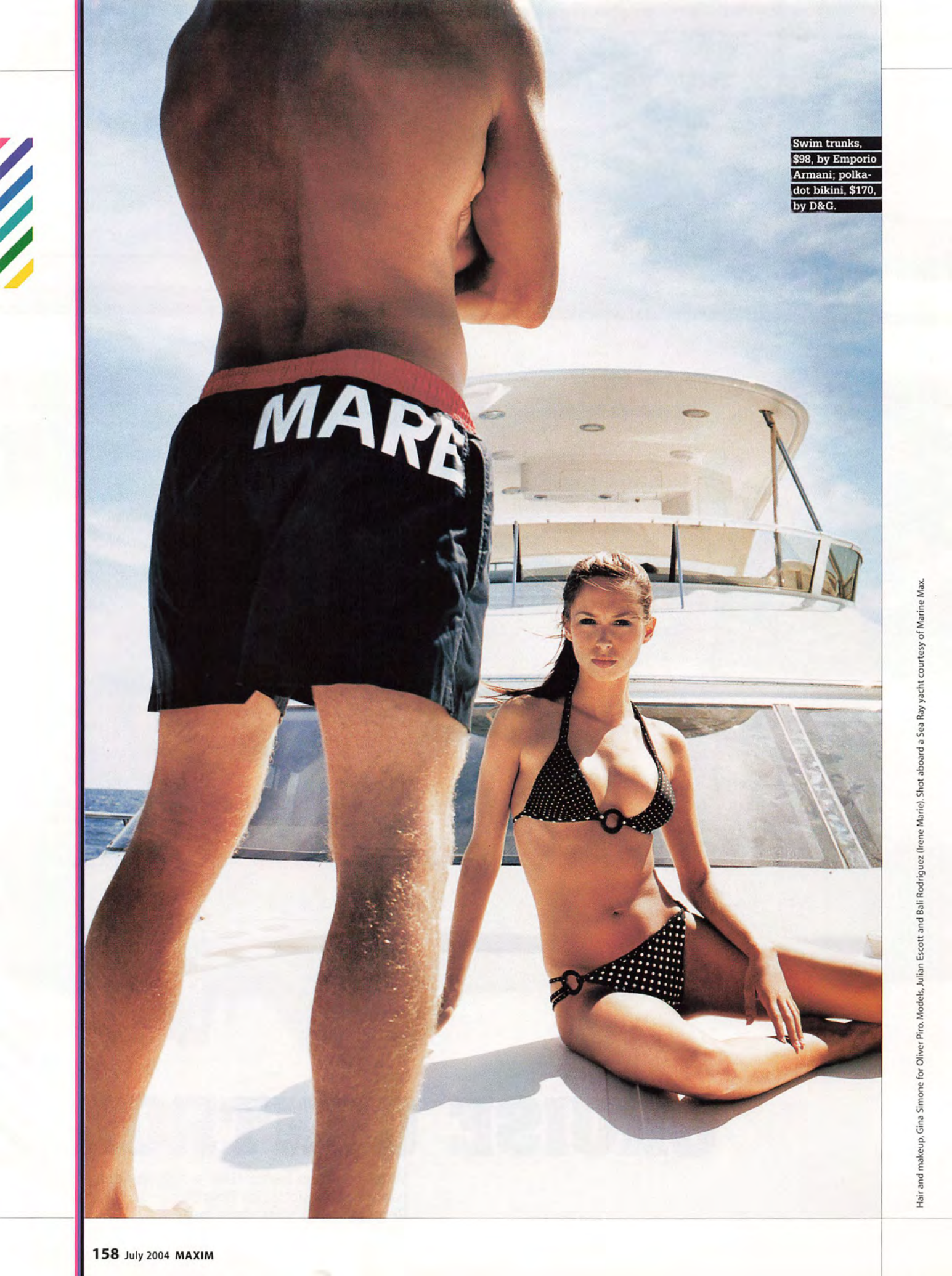
Banded halter bikini,
\$82, by Ralph Lauren
Swimwear; swim
trunks, \$45, by Polo
Ralph Lauren.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SABINE LIEWALD STYLING BY KIMBERLY KEILY



CRUISE CONTROL

What could be better than a million-dollar yacht with a hottie on board? Remembering your swim trunks.



Swim trunks,
\$98, by Emporio
Armani; polka-
dot bikini, \$170,
by D&G.

Hair and makeup, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro. Models, Julian Scott and Bali Rodriguez (Irene Marie). Shot aboard a Sea Ray yacht courtesy of Marine Max.

Cotton tank top,
\$45, by BOSS
Hugo Boss; swim
trunks, \$38, by
Speedo.



Paillette bikini, \$198, by Emporio Armani;
swim trunks, \$270, by D&G.

One-piece bathing
suit, \$106, by
Calvin Klein
Swimwear; swim
shorts, \$55, by
BOSS Hugo Boss.





Swim trunks,
\$175, and floral
bikini, \$140, both
by Burberry
London.

**Keep going
until the english
is gone.**



Mexico via Pacifico

**ALL BARK**

Get wood with these natural-bark-textured precious-metal cuff links by designer Catherine M. Zadeh, \$350 to \$395, at Bergdorf Goodman, or visit catherinezadeh.com.

07.04

Get your bling on with some fancy new cuff links, or roar right into casual with a retro-style shirt and some date-nabbing new jeans. And while you're at it, wash that dirty mug and give yourself a decent shave. This ain't no shelter, hobo.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: OBEDIENT SONS

You don't need Ma's permission to wear new clothes from Obedient Sons. Prices range from \$55 for a graphic tee to \$350 for a jacket, at Ron Herman, Fred Segal, L.A.; Rolo, San Francisco; and Base, Miami.

**SPECIAL REQUEST**

Ask for some sexy jeans from Request, \$88, at Dr. Jay's and Denim Vault.

**SPICE RACK**

Old Spice High Endurance adds a face wash and a moisturizer with SPF, about \$6.



BLADE STUNNER
Norelco's Cool Skin electric razor moisturizes with Nivea lotion, \$140, at norelco.com.

**TIGER GOODS**

Le Tigre's bright new line of shirts roars back from the '80s. About \$48, call 866-LE-TIGRE.

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Page 155: (clockwise from top left) Wallet, \$138, by Coach, at Coach stores; or call 866-262-2440. Wallet, \$225, by Tod's, at Tod's stores; or call 800-457-TODS. Wallet, \$45, by J.Fold, visit jfold.com. Wallet, \$30, by Perry Ellis, visit perryellis.com.

CRUISE CONTROL

Page 156-157: Bikini, \$82, by Ralph Lauren Swimwear, at select Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Bloomingdale's; and Macy's West. Swim trunks, \$45, by Polo Ralph Lauren, at select

Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit polo.com.

Page 158: Swim trunks, \$98, by Emporio Armani, at Emporio Armani stores; or visit emporioarmani.com. Bikini, \$170, by D&G, at D&G stores; Austin Jeans, Long Island, NY; M2M, Houston.

Page 159: Tank top, \$45, by BOSS Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and L.A.; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS. Swim trunks, \$38, by Speedo, call 800-547-8770.

Page 160: Bikini, \$198, by Emporio Armani, at select

Emporio Armani stores. Swim trunks, \$270, by D&G, at D&G stores.

Page 161: Bathing suit, \$106, by Calvin Klein Swimwear, at Macy's East; and Bloomingdale's. Swim shorts, \$55, by Boss Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and L.A.; select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call 800-HUGO-BOSS.

Page 162: Swim trunks, \$175, and bikini, \$140, both by Burberry London, at select Burberry stores; or call 800-284-8480.

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THE MALE ENHANCEMENT DEBATE

George Aguilar, M.D., The Doctor Behind MAGNA-RX[®], The World's #1 Male Performance Formula, Weighs In On The Great Male Enhancement Debate.

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Dr. Aguilar,

I have been a loyal user and advocate of your MAGNA-RX[®] formula. Now I see you have a new transdermal lotion. I don't understand. Why has your company come out with a lotion when the pills work great? Both my erection size and performance have increased tremendously with the pills. So what is the purpose of the lotion and should I be using it?

—M.L., Agoura Hills, California

Dear M.L.,

First, please continue taking MAGNA-RX[®] pills (unless you have achieved the size, stamina, and performance level you are satisfied with), but also consider adding a transdermal topical lotion to help enhance, expedite, and optimize your overall results from the MAGNA-RX[®] pill formula as well as to increase and maintain maximum erection size for those specific times when you absolutely want to guarantee that you give your biggest and best performance.

In essence, a transdermal male enhancement lotion is a quick way to give you a boost when you need it. A potent, effective oral supplement like MAGNA-RX[®] is required to maintain your steady day-to-day performance.

By the way, all pills are digested in the stomach. Pills are made so that the active ingredients that remain following digestion are sufficient to cause their effect. Any suggestions to the contrary are both misleading and illogical. If they were true, then obviously no pill would work and no doctor would prescribe them.

As a board certified urologist who has treated thousands of men for erectile dysfunction and related sexual problems, I have spent the last year collaborating with a dedicated team of talented biochemists in a state-of-the-art, FDA compliant laboratory to produce what I believe to be the best, most potent, and fastest acting transdermal topical male enhancement lotion available today at any price.

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Best of all, for a limited time you'll receive a full 30-day supply of MAGNA-RX TRANSDERMAL Topical Lotion absolutely FREE with every order of MAGNA-RX[®] pills. That's an \$89.95 value!

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Yours Very Truly,

George Aguilar, M.D.

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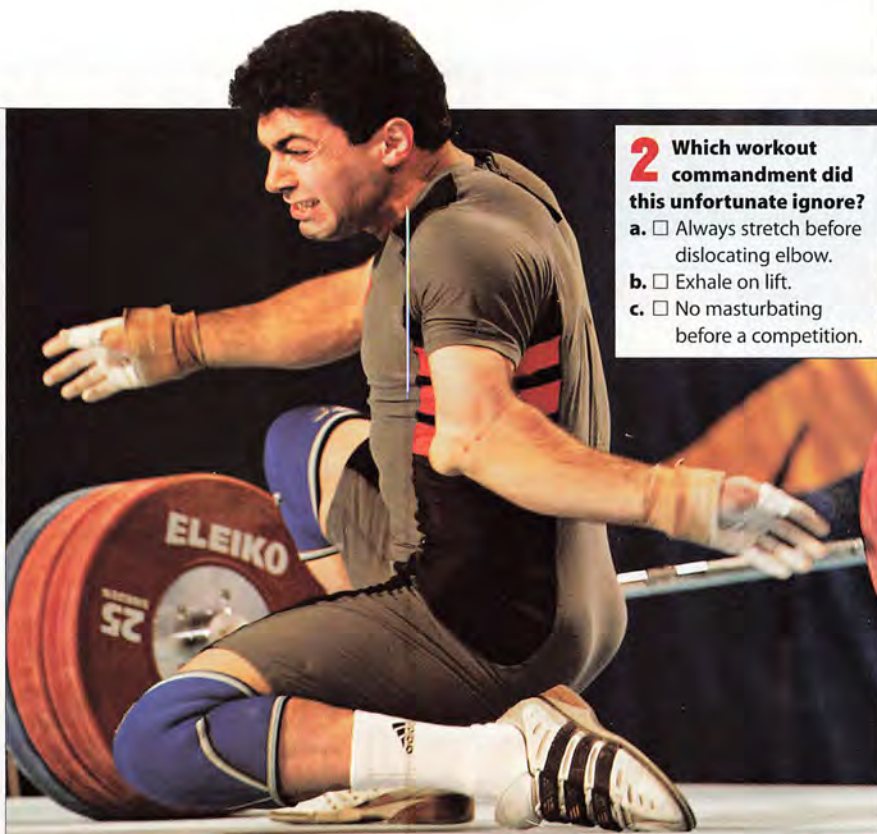


BAR EXAM



1 Why are crazy chicks so much better in bed than normal girls?

- a. ☒ The lack of male attention that made them nuts makes them crave approval.
- b. ☒ No social boundaries? No inhibitions!
- c. ☒ Prescription drugs and alcohol.



2 Which workout commandment did this unfortunate ignore?

- a. ☐ Always stretch before dislocating elbow.
- b. ☐ Exhale on lift.
- c. ☐ No masturbating before a competition.

ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

Find out right now! Answers can be found at maximonline.com, or just be lazy and read 'em here next month.

3 Match each reproductive role model with his number of offspring.

- 1. Paul Revere
- 2. Ol' Dirty Bastard
- 3. Wilt Chamberlain
- 4. Mister Rogers



- a. ☐ 0
- b. ☐ 2
- c. ☐ 13
- d. ☐ 16

4. Which of these places features the worst highway bottleneck, causing 27,144,000 hours of idle nose picking each year?

- a. ☐ Los Angeles
- b. ☐ Seattle
- c. ☐ Las Vegas
- d. ☐ Your mom's driveway after happy hour

5. What's the favorite summer bonding ritual among you and your buddies?

- a. ☐ Breaking up with girlfriends
- b. ☐ Road-trippin'
- c. ☐ Touching, crying, and hugging while watching the John Candy movie *Summer Rental*



6. What percentage of workers are unapologetically fucking up at work at any given time, according to a Gallup poll?

- a. ☐ 7 (U.S. government)
- b. ☐ 17 (Enron, Tyco, etc.)
- c. ☐ 27 (Dennis Publishing)

7. Tick tick, spoosh, and chicken feed are all slang terms for which grimy drug?

- a. ☐ Meth
- b. ☐ Heroin
- c. ☐ Coke

8. Check the phrase that completes your personal mantra: "If _____ one more time, I'm going to go postal."

- a. ☐ they give me a bad review and no raise
- b. ☐ someone mistakes me for Elton John
- c. ☐ I catch my wife giving Dad a blumpkin

9. According to a sleeping pill company, which makes it hardest for guys to sleep?

- a. ☐ Tossing, turning bedmates
- b. ☐ Pets
- c. ☐ Pets and bedmates equally
- d. ☐ The hideous beating of a guilty heart

10. Are you sorry now?

- a. ☐ Fuck! You!

11 Which plastic surgery procedure do men get most often?

- a. ☐ Eye lift
- b. ☐ Liposuction
- c. ☐ Nose job
- d. ☐ Bicep implants



12. What is it about you (and everyone) that makes mosquitoes attack you?

- a. ☐ Pheromones in your mucous membranes
- b. ☐ Urea in your sweat
- c. ☐ Carbon dioxide you exhale
- d. ☐ Month-old toe jam

13. Why does your girlfriend cry so much?

- a. ☐ Her inability to think rationally encourages naked emotionality.
- b. ☐ You're such a dick.
- c. ☐ If you see her huge feet, you'll find out she's a man.
- d. ☐ The movie with the retard-ed kid with cancer is sad!



Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?

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Last month's answers: 1. 1-b, 2-c, 3-a, 4-d 2. c 3. c 4. c 5. a 6. c 7. a 8. d 9. a 10. b 11. b 12. c 13. c

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

IF YOU GOT GAME BRING IT

| DETROIT |

AH...DETROIT. THIS CITY MAY GET OVERLOOKED FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT IT'S GOT A LOT MORE TO OFFER THAN YOU THINK. BESIDES STROLLING DOWN 8 MILE, OR TAKING IN A HOCKEY GAME, HERE ARE SOME COOL PLACES DETROIT HAS TO OFFER.

TIMES SQUARE DETROIT

1431 TIMES SQUARE STREET, DETROIT, MI
(313) 961-0232

WWW.TIMESSQUAREDetroit.COM

IT'S JUST LIKE TIMES SQUARE IN NEW YORK...EXCEPT NOT REALLY. WE ADMIT WE WERE A BIT SKEPTICAL ABOUT ANY BAR THAT NAMES ITSELF AFTER A TOURIST TRAP. STILL THIS DOWNTOWN NIGHTSPOT ACTUALLY PULLS IT OFF. PERK UP WITH A TRIP TO THE OXYGEN BAR, AND THEN SPEND YOUR NEWFOUND ENERGY ON THE DANCE FLOOR. DJS SPIN MOSTLY HIP-HOP AND TOP 40, BUT IF DANCING'S NOT YOUR THING, YOU CAN ALWAYS GAWK AT THE RIDICULOUSLY HOT WAITSTAFF. AS AN ADDED BONUS, THE BARTENDERS ARE KNOWN FOR POURING STRONG DRINKS WITH MORE BOOZE THAN ICE. UNLIKE NEW YORK'S ORIGINAL VERSION, DETROIT'S TIMES SQUARE KEEPS THE LIGHTS LOW AND NOTHING'S WATERED DOWN.

EMERALD THEATRE

31 NORTH WALNUT STREET, MOUNT CLEMENS, MI
(586) 913-1920

WWW.EMERALDTHEATRE.COM

ANOTHER PART OF THE DOWNTOWN RENAISSANCE, THE EMERALD IS LOUD...CRAZY LOUD. WITH A STATE-OF-THE-ART SOUND SYSTEM AND A DANCE FLOOR THE SIZE OF QATAR, YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BUMP AND GRIND THE MINUTE YOU WALK THROUGH THE DOOR. THREE LEVELS AND FIVE BARS MAKE IT EASY TO GET A DRINK, AND WHILE THE EMERALD SERVES BEST AS A DJ DANCE VENUE, IT HOSTS LIVE MUSIC CONCERTS FROM TIME TO TIME. WEEKENDS HERE ARE SLAMMING, AND CELEBRITY SIGHTINGS AREN'T OUT OF THE QUESTION.

ST. ANDREWS'S HALL AND THE SHELTER

431 EAST CONGRESS STREET, DETROIT, MI
(313) 961-8137

BEST KNOWN FOR THE SHELTER STAGE IN THE BASEMENT OF THIS THREE-LEVEL CLUB, ST. ANDREW'S PUMPS UP DETROIT. IN ADDITION TO HIP-HOP, THE "SAINT" HOSTS MORE THAN ITS FAIR SHARE OF ROCK BANDS AS WELL. HUGE BANDS GIGGED HERE WHEN THEY WERE STILL TOURING IN VANS. EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, ST. ANDREWS HOSTS "THREE FLOORS OF FUN." WITH ALTERNATIVE, ROCK, AND HIP-HOP PLAYED THROUGHOUT THE VENUE, THIS WEEKLY PARTY IS ONE OF THE MOST VARIED DANCE NIGHTS AROUND. SOME SAY THE BEST SHOWS ARE OUTSIDE ON THE FRONT STEPS WHERE PATRONS HANG OUT AND WATCH DETROIT STREET LIFE COME TO...UH...LIFE.

DETROIT

GARDEN BOWL

4120 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MI

(313) 833-9700 x205

WWW.MAJESTICDETROIT.COM/GARDEN

BUILT IN 1913, WHEN BOWLING SHOES WERE FASHIONABLE, GARDEN BOWL IS AMERICA'S OLDEST ACTIVE BOWLING CENTER. THIS IS ALSO THE ORIGINAL HOME OF ROCK 'N BOWL IN DETROIT, WHERE BOWLING'S HIPPER SET LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL WITH LIVE DJS ON A NIGHTLY BASIS. THERE'S EVEN FREE LIVE ENTERTAINMENT ON SELECT NIGHTS.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

4140 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MI

(313) 833-9700

WWW.MAJESTICDETROIT.COM/THEATER

PERHAPS IT'S THE ONE-OF-A-KIND ATMOSPHERE THAT GIVES THIS 1920S THEATRE ITS CHARACTER AND THE PERSONALITY TO BE ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR INTIMATE MUSIC VENUES IN DETROIT. AS AN ADDED PERK, AND A CURE FOR THE MUNCHIES, THE MAJESTIC CAFÉ, AN AMERICAN BISTRO NEXT DOOR, SERVES EVERYTHING FROM SALAD TO PRIME RIB. A FULL BAR MIXED WITH ECLECTIC LIVE MUSIC CATERED TO THE GUESTS' TASTES CREATES AN ATMOSPHERE THAT IS SURE TO TOP ANY OTHER THEATRE-GOING EXPERIENCE.

MAGIC STICK

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(313) 833-9700 x203

WWW.MAJESTICDETROIT.COM/STICK

OVER THE YEARS, THE MAGIC STICK HAS EVOLVED INTO DETROIT'S PREMIER MIDSIZE VENUE, WITH A SLAMMIN' SOUND SYSTEM, A HORDE OF POOL TABLES, AND ABOVE AND BEYOND, A BAR THAT DISHES OUT EVERYTHING FROM CANNED DOMESTICS TO COSMOPOLITANS. ITS LOCATION IS ALSO CENTRAL TO DETROIT'S ARTS COMMUNITY, WHICH IS BASED IN THE NEARBY CASS CORRIDOR. A STAGE AT ONE END AND A BAR AND LOUNGE AT THE OTHER CREATE A SCENE FOR SOCIALITES AND SCENESTERS ALIKE.

CLUTCH CARGOS

65 E HURON ST, PONTIAC, MI

(248) 645-6666

WWW.CLUTCHCARGOS.COM

YOU'LL FEEL BLESSED AFTER CHECKING OUT THIS FORMER CHURCH TURNED NIGHTCLUB TURNED LIVE MUSIC CONCERT VENUE, WHERE BIG CROWDS JAM TO BIG NATIONAL ACTS AS WELL AS DETROIT'S FINEST LOCAL BANDS. CLUTCH CARGOS FILLS UP FAST ON SHOW NIGHTS WITH MOSTLY TWENTY SOMETHINGS STEAMING UP THE CATHEDRAL WINDOWS AND LOSING THEIR INHIBITIONS, SO GET THERE EARLY IF YOU WANT TO SCORE THE "SEE AND BE SEEN" FRONT ROW BALCONY SEATS. THE DANCE FLOOR RULES ON NON-CONCERT NIGHTS WITH DJS SPINNING EVERYTHING FROM POP AND HOUSE TO HIP-HOP AND TECHNO.

KOOL PLACES TO PARTY

DETROIT

SEVIN THE NIGHTCLUB

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WWW.SEVINTHENIGHTCLUB.COM

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BLEU ROOM EXPERIENCE

1540 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MI
(313) 222-1900

WWW.BLEUDETROIT.COM

SOME MAY CALL IT A CLUB, OTHERS MAY CONSIDER IT A LIFESTYLE. EITHER WAY, BLEU ROOM IS ONE OF DETROIT'S PREMIER HOTSPOTS. WITH A STATE-OF-THE-ART SOUND SYSTEM BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS OF THIS HISTORIC ART-DECO THEATER, A NIGHT AT BLEU WILL LEAVE YOU IN A WHIRLWIND OF HOUSE AND TECHNO BEATS. BLEU ROOM EXPERIENCE HAS ALSO PLAYED HOST TO MOVIE PREMIERES, MUSIC VIDEO SHOOTS, AND LIVE CONCERTS. WITH WORLD-RENOWNED DJs BEHIND THE DECKS ON A NIGHTLY BASIS, BLEU ROOM EXPERIENCE IS ONE OF THE HOTTEST TICKETS IN TOWN.

REGGIE'S MOULIN ROUGE

10845 W. CHICAGO STREET, DETROIT, MI
(313) 934-9132

OPENED UP IN 1983, REGGIE'S MOULIN ROUGE IS SIMPLY A "GOOD TIME FOR DETROIT LOCALS," SAYS TINO, REGGIE'S WIFE AND CO-OWNER OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF DOWNTOWN DETROIT. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS SIMPLE GETS, WITH ONE BIG DANCE FLOOR, A STAGE, AND A BAR ON THE BACK WALL, BUT ENOUGH TO DRAW A LARGE CROWD EVERY WEEKEND. PERHAPS IT'S THE FULL BAR AND AWESOME DRINK SPECIALS THAT SUCK IN THE DETROIT NATIVES. OR IT COULD BE THE HOT HIP-HOP DJs FROM THE LOCAL RADIO STATION SPORTING THE LATEST HITS. BETTER YET, IT'S PROBABLY THE "GOOD FRIED CHICKEN" THAT REGGIE AND HIS WIFE PRIDE THEMSELVES UPON.

LOS ANGELES

THERE'S MORE TO L.A. THAN IMPLANTS AND TRAFFIC...RIGHT? SEE SOME OF THE BEST NIGHTLIFE L.A. HAS TO OFFER BY CHECKING OUT THESE VENUES.

IVAR

6356 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD, CA

(323) 465-4827

WWW.IVAR.CC

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CLEAR

11916 VENTURA BOULEVARD, STUDIO CITY, CA

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IT'S COME A LONG WAY SINCE ITS PIANO BAR DAYS. WITH THIS LOUNGE'S PADDED WALLS AND FUTURISTIC MOTIF, THINGS ARE BOUND TO GET A LITTLE CRAZY. JUST BECAUSE IT'S IN THE VALLEY DOESN'T MEAN IT'S NOT WORTH CHECKIN' OUT-IF YOU CAN SEE IT, THAT IS. IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY NIGHTSPOT WHERE THE FRONT DOOR IS TRANSPARENT. AS THE NIGHT GOES ON, JUST BE AWARE THAT WHILE YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE EVERYTHING "CLEARLY," IT'S STILL THERE, REALLY.

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

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LOS ANGELES

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THE WALLS MAY BE A BIT DRAB, BUT THE PEOPLE DEFINITELY ARE NOT. IN ADDITION TO L.A.'S MOST POPULAR HIP-HOP AND R&B SPINNERS, WHAT DRAWS THE CROWD INTO GRAND AVENUE IS THE STAGE SHOWS, LASER LIGHT SHOWS, AND INCOMPARABLE SOUND SYSTEM. WITH TWO SEPARATE DANCE FLOORS, YOU'RE BOUND TO GET BLOWN AWAY. SO, SERIOUSLY, BE CAREFUL.

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1714 NORTH LAS PALMAS AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA
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LAS PALMAS STANDS OUT AS "A GUARANTEED GREAT TIME," ESPECIALLY FROM ALL THE HOLLYWOOD TRENDSETTERS WALKING THROUGH ITS DOORS. SERVING AS A BACKDROP FOR THE MAIN BAR, A JELLYFISH TANK ADDS TO THE STYLISH ENVIRONMENT WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE BEAUTIFUL AND THE COCKTAILS FLOW LIKE WATER. KICK IT IN THE CUSHY BOOTHS OR SWEAT OFF THAT FANCY DRINK DANCING TO HIP-HOP AND R&B ON THE DANCE FLOOR. EITHER WAY, YOU'LL BE MIXIN' AND MINGLIN' WITH THE PLAYERS OF HOLLYWOOD—AND LOVIN' IT.

| LOS ANGELES |

NACIONAL

1645 WILCOX AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CA
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THIS OLD HAVANA-STYLE LOUNGE IN THE HEART OF NEW HOLLYWOOD IS TRULY ONE OF A KIND. BE IT THE ROMANTIC CUBAN-INSPIRED DÉCOR OR THE HOT EYE-CANDY-FILLED CROWD, NACIONAL IS UNMATCHED IN ITS ATTENTION TO DETAIL. THE MAPLE-WOOD-BURNING FIREPLACE ON THE UPSTAIRS PATIO IS A FAVORITE GATHERING POINT, AND WITH A FULL BAR ON BOTH LEVELS, IT'S EASY TO PARTAKE OR LEAN BACK AND WATCH L.A.'S SWANKY SET WORK A ROOM. THE LOUNGE ACCOMMODATES UP TO 350 PEOPLE, MOST OF WHOM ENJOY BOTH THE TASTE AND THE ABILITY TO REGULARLY PURCHASE \$10 MOJITOS WITHOUT THINKING TWICE. SO IF YOU WANT TO JOIN THE FRAY, BE SURE TO PLAY THE PART OR BE DOOMED TO WAIT WITH THE MASSES IN LINE OUTSIDE.

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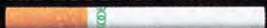
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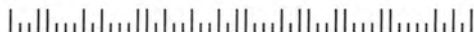
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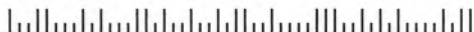
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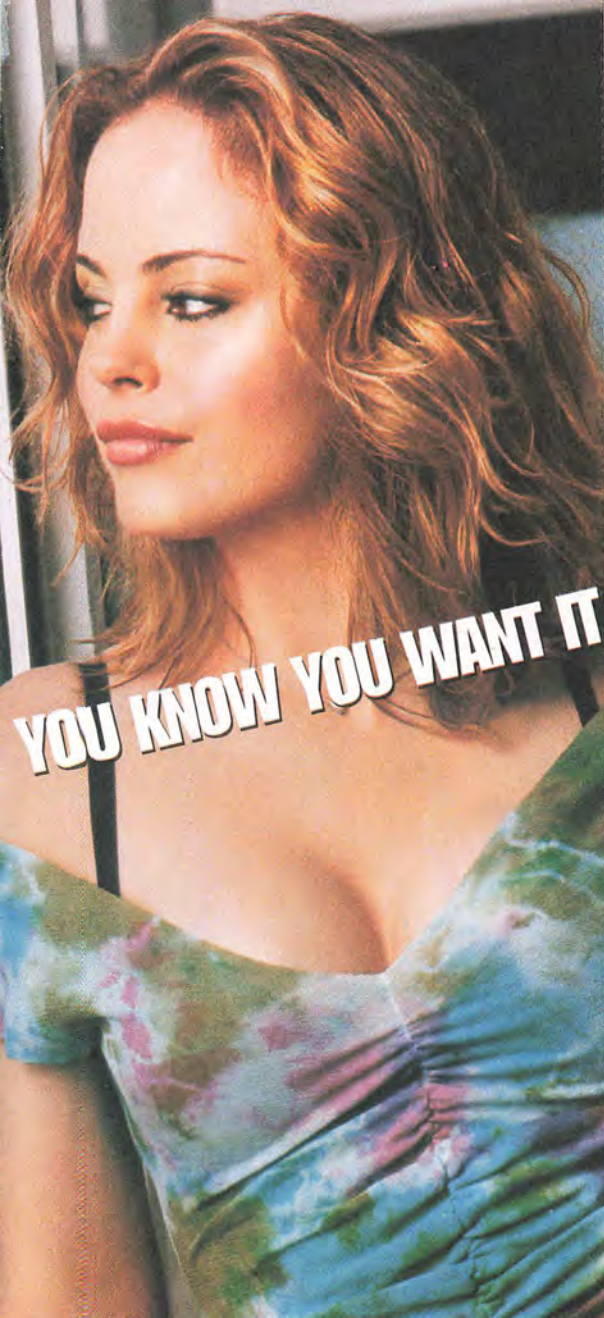
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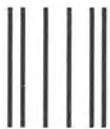
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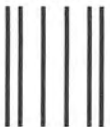
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